

WM Sharp, The Pioneer

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1931

For President
OWEN D. YOUNG
of New York

At a court held for the county of Pocahontas on the 4th day of September, 1832, present James Tallan, Benjamin Tallman, Thomas M. William Cackley, Jacob Lighter, John Bradshaw, Robert H. Cackley, gentlemen of the county of Virginia.

On this 4th day of September 1832, personally appeared before the subscribers a Justice of the peace for the county aforesaid William Sharp, a resident of the county and state aforesaid, aged ninety-two, who being first duly sworn according to law, doth on oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress passed June 11th, 1832. That he entered the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as hereinafter stated: That he was drafted and went into service in a company commanded by Captain William Kinard, does not now recollect the name of his lieutenant, but recollects that his name was James Trimble; that the company to which he belonged was attached to a regiment commanded by Colonel Sampson Mathews; that he entered the service in the early part of the month of January, 1781, and was discharged from that tour of service in the month of April following; that he was in a skirmish with the British at Portsmouth, Virginia. That he resided near where he now does, when he entered the service, in what was then called West Augusta. That he was drafted; that he marched across the Blue Ridge and directly on to Portsmouth, where he remained until he was discharged. That he has no documentary evidence, but supposes that John Bradshaw knows of his having performed said tour of service. He was drafted and was in service in the summer of 1774 in a company commanded by Captain Andrew Lockridge in an expedition against the Indians; that a certain William Mann and himself were sent by Colonel Andrew Lewis with a message to Governor Dunmore, who was then at Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh), and did not return to join the army until the next morning after the memorable battle at Point Pleasant. That he has no documentary evidence and that he knows of no person now living whose testimony he can procure who can testify to his service in said campaign.

He went as a volunteer in the month of September, 1761, under Captain Charles Lewis, (the same he was afterward killed in the battle at Point Pleasant) in an expedition against the Indians on the Muskingum River. That he was in service said tour during the fall of 1761 and did not return home until the month of March, 1762. Lieutenant McClanahan belonged to Captain Lewis' company; he does not now recollect the name of any other officers that were out on said expedition except Colonels Field and McNeill; that they had no engagements with the Indians that tour; that the Indians came in and gave up the prisoners they then had.

He was also in service as an Indian spy during the summer of 1773, and the summer of 1774 previous to being drafted into service as before stated under Captain Lockridge, of which said service as a spy he has no documentary evidence nor does he know of any person now living whose testimony he can procure who can testify to his said service. He states that adding all his services together, those when drafted; the tour as an Indian spy, will exceed two years and six months. He hereby relinquishes every claim whatsoever to a pension or annuity except the present and declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state.

Wm. Sharp
Sworn and subscribed the day and year aforesaid before me a Justice of the Peace for the County of Pocahontas, and I do moreover certify that the said William Sharp cannot from age and bodily infirmity attend the court.

James Sharp
And the said court do hereby declare their opinion that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and Indian spy and served as he states.

The proceedings of that day is signed by Thomas Hill as presiding magistrate.

This William Sharp was the pioneer settler of Huntersville, and from him descend the Sharps of Edray district. The Sharp families around Frost are descendants of John Sharp, a native of Ireland, who settled with his family in 1802 on the Abram Sharp place at Frost. His wife was Margaret Blaine, a sister of Rev. John S. Blaine, a pioneer Presbyterian pastor of Pocahontas county. They came here from Rockingham county. However, Judge Sumners H. Sharp and secretary of State Geo. W. Sharp are also descendants of William Sharp through their mother Mrs. Amanda Grimes Sharp, daughter of David G. Grimes, who was a son of Arthur Grimes, who married Mary, a daughter of the William Sharp, whose declaration of his service as a revolutionary soldier is under consideration.

William Sharp was the first to open a permanent residence at Huntersville. His home was near the present residence of George W. Gingar. He was living here prior to the Revolutionary war, and according to tradition he came here from near Staunton. This is borne out in his declaration that he went out in 1761 with an expedition under Captain Charles Lewis (of Staunton) to the Muskingum (Muskingum) River to bring back prisoners held by the Indians. I presume these captives were taken in the second Kerr's Creek

Massacre. He came to Huntersville about 1773. Anyway, he was here in 1774 and went on the Point Pleasant campaign. In Captain Andrew Lockridge company.

I recall that mention is made of him in the Chalkley Papers as Capt. William Sharp, when he was delegated to open certain roads in what is now Pocahontas County.

His wife was Mary Meeks. Their children were Nancy, wife of Levi Moore, Jr.; Margaret, wife of John Keller; Rachel, wife of Jonathan Grimes; Mary, wife of Arthur Grimes mentioned above; John, who married Sarah McCollum.

James, son of William, the pioneer married Ann Waddell. They settled on Beaver Creek. Their children were Mary, wife of James Lewis; Margaret, wife of Jacob Clivey; Martha, wife of another Mr. Clivey; Nancy, wife of Robert Ryder; Ann, wife of Levi Cackley, Jr.; Rachel, wife of Robert Gay; Lucinda, wife of Jonathan Jordan; William, Andrew and James.

The last named, James, was the magistrate who attested his grandfather's declaration. He was a prominent citizen of his day, Justice of the peace and as such a member of the county court, high sheriff and elder in the Presbyterian church. He was also a great hunter. It is told of him that when hunting deer in Buckley Mountain late one evening he saw a panther mount a log a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another panther crouched on the log. This performance was repeated nine times, when the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night, other panthers followed his trail to his house and killed a yearling calf. The next day with proper reinforcements, Mr. Sharp went back to the place where he had fired nine times, and there lay nine dead panthers.

James Sharp married Mary Burnside. He died during the war.

William, son of William, the revolutionary soldier, married Elizabeth Waddell. Their children were James, who married Althea Martin and lived on Browns Creek; William Jr. married Rachel Dilley, and lived at Slaty Fork of Elk; Alexander married Mary Dilley; Jacob married Elizabeth McNeill; John married Sally Johnson; Elizabeth, wife of James Brown; Mary, wife of David Gibson; Rebecca, wife of Wm. D. Moore; Anna, wife of Alexander Stalnaker; Ellen, wife of Warwick Stalnaker; Nancy, wife of Jacob Cassell; Martha, wife of Andrew Dilley.

Mr. Sharp says he was a member of the regiment commanded by Colonel Sampson Mathews. Colonel Mathews lived at Staunton; his son Sampson married Mary, daughter of Major Jacob Warwick, and lived at Dunmore; their son, Sampson Lockhart Mathews, is the grandfather of Judge George W. McClintic.

Mr. Sharp refers to John Bradshaw as the only man then living who knew of his having performed the "tour" of service in the campaign that ended the war. John Bradshaw was found

at Huntersville, prominent citizen, and his name is among the magistrates sitting on the court the day William Sharp's declaration was filed. I will publish John Bradshaw's own declaration in a coming issue. William Sharp says he was drafted for the campaign to Point Pleasant in the company under Captain Andrew Lockridge. This Captain Lockridge was a considerable of a figure in the frontier fighting for a generation. Cousin Georgianna Donlap Arnold, of Oklahoma City, has promised to write us about the Lockridges.

I can well understand why Mr. Sharp was sent as a courier through the wilderness for several hundred miles to Fort Pitt with messages from Colonel Andrew Lewis to Governor Dunmore. He had been with Captain Charles Lewis on the expedition to the Indian country ten years before. This commission showed the confidence in his integrity and in his ability as a frontiersman.

Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Sharp says the place he lived in 1774 was in West Augusta, but at the time his declaration was made it was then in Pocahontas county. We all know the esteem in which General Washington held the people of this region for he said: "Give me but a banner to raise upon the mountains of West Augusta and I will rally around me an army that will lift my bleeding country from the dust."

If any body knows the last resting place of Captain William Sharp, I want them to send the word in Marlinton Kiwanis club will take the necessary steps to have the Federal government mark it with a suitable stone. I would just naturally suppose his bones are either in the old cemetery near the Huntersville Presbyterian church or in the McLaughlin burying ground on Howard Harlow's place, but I do not know.

*Pocahontas
County's Beginning*

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APRIL 17, 1939

History

By Jessie Beard Powell

Traveller's Repose
[Political History]

How We Came To Be In
Pocahontas County

I sometimes think of and compare this remote section of Pocahontas, the Upper Greenbrier, or Traveller's Repose, to an orphan. An orphan child is without natural parents, often has more than a normal number of adoptive parents, is tossed about from pillar to post, and is sometimes allowed by the courts to make its own decision as to where it will go.

We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1734 it was split into

In 1790 the eastern line of Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Alleghany to Back Alleghany. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose. Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton.

In 1821 Pocahontas was being formed so the remote section of Bath and Pendleton became a part of the new county. Bath at the same time was diminished in size to the south by the lopping off of Alleghany County. It was intended by the Virginia Legislature that the western county be called Alleghany and the eastern county, Pocahontas. They were accidentally changed by the engraving clerk. They would have been much more appropriate had they been named as intended.

Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkers-

*Remember that we are the
Successors to
Dagby McRivers*

*Rec'd of
Dagby McRivers*

*See other
pages for
receipt*

CIVIL WAR STORIES OF SLATYFORK

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Pocahontas County was on the border between the North and the South and the Beverly-Mingo-Slatyfork-Marlinton-Huntersville turnpike seemed to be important to both sides. General Lee's men were camped at Linwood one winter 1861⁴² and he was with them part of the time. One evening he tied his horse "Traveler" to a post and with two guards standing outside the door of the still-standing ^{SHARP'S} log house ate supper cooked in cast iron kettles still in the house. Another time, late one afternoon, the Confederates camped across the creek and each soldier took a rail from the meadow fence--stripping every rail--to burn all night. They found apples buried. The captain told them to pay Mrs. William Sharp for them. Uncle Hugh Sharp told us of the two Confederates ambushed on the turnpike on the hill.

The snow was deep and he and his father, William, was getting in wood when several shots were fired. A southern dispatch rider came galloping along with two riderless saddled horses following. He yelled to William that his two buddies had been ambushed and asked them to go see about them. With the snow sled and horse they found one dead and the other wounded. They sledged them to the house and put the dead one in the corn crib and the other one, about 20, was put at the fireplace where ^{he} talked of his parents back in Georgia and died at midnight. The next day they were buried ^{him} near the present cemetery.

L. D. Sharp told us stories he heard of the retreat of the Confederates from Linwood. In their haste a munitions wagon loaded with lead minnie balls broke a wheel in the creek and was left. His father, Silas, and Uncle Hugh went up there on trips to bring back lead on their horses. They melted the balls for their own guns in later years.

At the start of the Civil War the issues were not clear so the Sharps and John B. Gibson father of Joe and Sam Gibson decided not to take sides but found out that this was impossible. These men camped out part of the time on Middle Mountain at the "Pine Knob" under a rock cliff. They decided to get together for an Easter breakfast. Mrs. Gibson came down to the Sharps to see her husband. While they were eating Easter breakfast, one of the boys ran in and said the Rebels were coming. Little Luther, age 16, ran up the hill and was shot by Jake Simmons. About a dozen shot at John Gibson. Two men ^{whose} guns were empty ran after him. At the top of the hill he pulled out a "pepper box" pistol and said "Don't fear, I'll kill you". They skidded into reverse and Gibson escaped. While Gibson was running across the meadow, one soldier reloaded and laid his gun across a wood pile or aim and Mrs. Gibson cracked his head with a piece of wood. Grandfather Silas jumped into a fence-rail goose nest. A soldier jumped over the nest and was reloading.

SHARP 3

W. VA. SCHOOLS

gun with a ramrod when Si hit him over the head with a boot jack. Si ran around the house and faced Jake Simmons who had just shot Luther. He surrendered. Later in the day while marching Silas along the road they captured Bill Hannah. The other man had a very small hand and when they were handcuffed together for the walk south, he showed Silas he could get the handcuff off. A few days later when the soldier on horseback taking them south had to stop for a "call of nature" and set his gun against a tree a few feet from where he was "sitting", Silas asked him to take the handcuff off and he'd make a run for the gun, but the other man was afraid. Silas was taken to Richmond and then to Salisbury, N. C. where he spent 23 months and 24 days in prison where thousands starved to death. They ate rats, cat and dogs at times to survive. In the 1920's "LD", son of Silas, stopped in at Salisbury and asked an old man with a long white beard where the prison was. He told "LD" that all the prisoners starved to death--to the last man. "LD" tried to convince the man that his father lived through it, but the old man told him that he couldn't have!

The captain in charge of ^{Richmond's} Libby prison was cruel even to his own men, who finally killed him. He issued an order that any prisoner that stuck his head or arm out the window would have it shot off. The guards under him had a plan. One of the guards would fire a gun outside, which he did. The captain ran and stuck his head out the window and they shot his head off--complying with his order! Si told many times of the rejoicing of the prisoners when the captain was shot.

Silas had two brothers, ^{South} Henry and ^{North} Bernard, killed in action. "L. D." thought one joined the North and the other the South. It was thought that Henry, killed at the Robert Gibson place had joined the South and was killed on purpose by his own men because he may have been a spy for the North--which he might have been--! They reported that it was an accident, when his men shot him while he was on picket duty at night there on the road.

Uncle Hugh Sharp was a bee-hunter sportsman. He would find a bee-tree and carve his initials on the tree, rarely cutting a tree for the honey. He told the family after the war that he planned to go "bee hunting" over the mountain and kill Jake Simmons for killing his little brother Luther, but he never made the move.

"L.D." has told us many times that his parent's family really didn't know clearly the issues and didn't know which side to join. That's the reason Silas Sharp, John Gibson and others didn't join either side and camped part of the time under a cliff at the "Pine Knob" ^{not a row} called "Sharp's Knob" just behind the Middle Mountain meadow.

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When Silas returned from sleeping on hard floors in prison he couldn't at first sleep in a bed. He was so skinny after his long walk from the south that Sarah, his future wife, didn't know him when he came by her house. Aft

After the war William brought a civil suit against a Captain Marshal and others, and we understand collected \$500 for illegally taking his son, Si, a civilian, and sending him to prison.

Apparently there were some Southern sympathizers at Mingo as there is a very old and beautiful statue of Robert E. Lee behind an iron fence at Mingo Flats.

I have on file more details of the Mannahs, Gibsons, Sharps and events of the Civil War at Slatyfork.

Submitted by

~~Mr. Dave Sharp~~
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

513- 871-4813

Sent to
History Book

12—The Sun, Exponent-Telegram, Clarksburg, W. Va., Feb. 4, 1962

Huntersville Target For Federal Army Raid

Civil War

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The 1862 campaign in the Allegheny highlands in West Virginia opened on the first day of the new year with a strong raiding force from the Federal winter camp at Huttonsville, Randolph County, marching on Huntersville, then the county seat of Pocahontas County. Huntersville, lightly garrisoned by some 250 Confederate cavalry and infantry with a contingent of county militia, was an important center in the summer and fall campaign of 1861 when it was the headquarters of General W. W. Loring, who commanded the Army of the Northwest, CSA. Loring had been called, with his troops, to re-enforce Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; now its only military importance was as a supply center for the Confederate troops operating in that area, and also in the fact that it was connected with Warm Springs by a fairly good turnpike. This highway could be used as a gateway for Union Troops to Virginia east of the mountains, just as it was being used by the Southerners for their troops and for transportation of supplies funneled in from the central depots at Staunton and Warm Springs.

The Union high command at Huttonsville determined to destroy the center, though no Federal troops had penetrated that far into the Confederate-held mountain country. A task force was organized and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 31 Major George Webster, 25th Ohio Infantry, moved out of Huttonsville at the head of 400 of the men of his own regiment, headed toward Huntersville. At Camp Elkwater

of range as quickly as possible. One of the men later confessed that he ran that day only because he could not fly.

The battle of Marlins Bottom, Greenbrier Bridge, or by whatever of the half-dozen names it has been called, was an extremely noisy affair, but entirely bloodless. Not a man was killed, and not an man, Union or Confederate, was reported wounded—it was all sound and fury.

The small brush at the covered bridge did little more than to halt the Federal raiders. Stopping long enough to detach a guard of fifty men to protect the bridge, Webster pressed on for the six mile run to Huntersville. Confederate pickets were encountered about two miles from the town, but after trading a few shots with the advance guard, which did no harm to either side, the pickets retired upon the main body of dismounted cavalry drawn up in line of battle about a mile from the town. Webster deployed a part of the 25th Ohio up a hill to the left to turn the Confederate right, and with the balance of his force moved up to make a frontal attack. Firing became general all along both lines, remarkable only for noise, but when the Confederates discovered the flank movement they fell back to their horses, hastily mounted and retreated to a position a half mile nearer the town.

Webster's troops crossed Knapps Creek and there he employed the same tactics as at the first stand; two companies of the 25th Ohio were sent to the right at the base of a hill to turn the Confederate left, while Major Owens with the

shots, then fled to Warm Springs and Monterey.

Major Webster said in his official report that on entering the town "we found the place deserted, the houses broken open, and goods scattered, the cause of which was soon stated by a returned citizen. The rebel commander (who is not identified in any report) had ordered the citizens to remove all their valuable property as he intended, if beaten, to burn the town." The retreating Confederates did set fire to a large barn containing commissary stores before taking their hasty departure.

Webster's attacking force at Huntersville was about 600 men—the wagon and bridge guards and some stragglers accounted for the men missing out of the original 738—but exaggerated Confederate reports said that he had 4,000 to 5,000 men. No exact figures are fixed for the number of Confederate defenders which, it seems, was composed of about 250 mixed troops, units not identified, and a few militia hurriedly called up the night before. In all the Confederate force probably had a strength of 300 to 350 men. In all the marching, counter-marching, shooting and waste of gunpowder, Webster had one man wounded—shot in the arm. The Confederate casualty list is fixed at one man killed and seven wounded, in addition to the loss of stores—and that loss caused real suffering in the Confederate mountain camps the balance of the winter.

The considerable quantity of Confederate stores found in Huntersville were given to the flames because of lack of transportation to carry them away. Major Webster reported capture of 350 barrels of flour, 300 salted beehives amounting to about 150,000 pounds, 30,000 pounds of salt, and large amounts of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon, clothing, etc. The soldiers kept and carried back to their camp a large number of Sharps carbines, sabers, horse-

ing, and he left the flag flying as he took his departure.

After an hour and a half driving the Confederates out of the town and two hours in accomplishing the real purpose of the raid, Webster turned back toward the Huttonsville base, marching about ten miles to Edray before encamping for the night. The task force had had a hard day; it had marched 24 miles and had fought two engagements—or skirmishes—that were more noted for footwork than action. The little army reached Huttonsville on January 6th, having made a winter march of 102 miles in a little less than six days, penetrated the enemy's country thirty miles further than any body of Federal troops had gone before and returned with all men, horses and wagons intact and with only Private Oliver P. Hershee, 25th Ohio Infantry, nursing a wound in the arm.

At the time Major Webster's foray was counted one of the most successful raids, for it did more than scatter county militia at Marlins Bottom and rout a small force at Huntersville—the raid threw a tremendous scare into the Confederate command. Pocahontas historian Andrew Price said it "made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton. Scouts rode headlong in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was."

Civic Club to Hold Sweetheart Ball

The Clarksburg Welcome Neighbors Club will hold its Sweetheart Ball from 9 to 12 Saturday, Feb. 10, at the Hotel.

Persons attending will be to the music of the Trio Quartet and a mid-

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APRIL 17, 1930

History

By Jessie Beard Powell

Traveller's Repose
[Political History]

How We Came To Be In
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I sometimes think of and compare this remote section of Pocahontas, the Upper Greenbrier, or Traveller's Repose, to an orphan. An orphan child is without natural parents, often has more than a normal number of adoptive parents, is tossed about from pillar to post, and is sometimes allowed by the courts to make its own decision as to where it will go.

We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1738, it was split into Frederick and Augusta. Augusta became that part extending 240 miles along the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountain (running North and South) and then West to the Mississippi. Augusta has been called the mother of Counties. Out of Augusta was carved four states, a considerable portion of Virginia, as she now is, and thirty-three counties southeast of the Ohio River, beginning with Botetourt in 1769.

Rockingham was carved from Augusta in 1778. In 1787 the German settlement north of "The Divide," that part of Rockingham west of the Shenandoah mountains, plus slices from Hardy and old Augusta was made the county of Pendleton. Scarcely two years later Bath was stricken off from Augusta and parts of Botetourt and Greenbrier. It took in that section west of the Shenandoah range and as far north as "The Divide," the whole upper James River Basin.

of Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Alleghany to Back Alleghany. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose. Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton.

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Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkersburg turnpike was built through "the Divide," our neighboring county of Highland was created from the southern part of Pendleton and the northern part of Bath. At last, a meld of the Germans north of "The Divide" and the Scotch-Irish, south of it.

So, it would have been quite possible for a child to have been born to an early settler of Traveller's Repose in Augusta County in 1780, spend his childhood in Augusta, grow to adulthood in Bath, be married in Pendleton, and die in Pocahontas and never leave his own house.

See other for receipt for furniture

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Mr. J. B. Shaff
Linwood

SHARP 3

January 31, 1980 Dave Sharp

History and events of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp family--Luther David Sharp, etc.

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L. D. Sharp (LDS) was born June 8, 1872 at Slatyfork, W. Va. in his father's house on the old county road acrosses Slatyfork Creek about one mile above where Slatyfork Creek empties into Elk River. He had two older sisters, Ella who married Robert Gibson, and Malinda who married (Hannah, father of Vee Hannah, Mrs. Charles Bulp (Eva) Mrs. Sarah Bulp) LDS as a child had light blond hair. He went to school in a log, 1-room school house on a bank across the county road from the cemetery, at the edge of some trees and near the spring at the road. He watched his father and other men in the neighborhood build the school house, and he told us that his mother could see his white head bobbling along as he ran back to the house for lunch at noon. He described his teacher Mr. Sumner as a very hard man with discipline. They got the basic "3-R's" of reading, writing and arithmetic, using slates instead of paper. His old slate used to be at the old house. "LD" as he was affectionately called by many including the family, did a lot of reading and educated himself to where he could carry on conversations and business deals with college trained men. At a young age (12) studied music under a teacher who taught shaped notes and through later years directed the Slatyfork Methodist Choir and they traveled much of W. Va. at singing festivals. When "LD" was 12 years old he had set himself up in business and still worked on the farm. Before he was 12 some men working on a sawmill asked him if he could get them some handkerchiefs and Tobacco. I believe a drummer coming through gave him tips on how to order things.

← "Montgomery Mathews"

and jewelry from J. Lind co.

At age 12 he got on a horse with some profit from previous business deals, and went down Elk River to a family he knew of who had boys that trapped fur. He went to the house. The father told him the boys were in school and for him to go there and pay them whatever they asked for the fur. The father would not set a price. LD went to the school and asked to talk to the boys. They came outside and said they had MINKS SKUNKS FOXES *

and when LD asked how much they wanted for them they said a very low price (see dad's log story elsewhere)

he paid the boys for the fur and went back to the house to get the fur. The mother asked how much he paid for them. LD didn't want to tell them, so said "I paid them exactly what they asked". She asked again and the father told her to shut up, that if he paid them what they asked, that was the end of it.

He stayed at some one's home that night before coming back to his home. He said they had believe, ham and bread. They had no forks. Maybe a big fork and a knife to cut in the kitchen, but none for the table. I believe this experience was on a later trip.

growing up wasn't easy. It was hard work to provide clothes and feed for the family. He has mentioned many times of when he was hoeing corn etc that the ~~hard~~ hard ground roots caused callouses and pain in his hands--that often he had to use his other hand to open up the fingers on the other hand after a tough row to hoe.

a teenager, another country boy challenged him over some matter. In the middle of fight the other boy picked up a sliver from a board and hit him across the nose, making it, resulting in a slightly crooked nose the rest of his life.

other time when he was a young man, he ran through some elder bushes at the back of his father's house and where some one had cut off some of the bushes, one of the sharp ran through his left eye. Somehow, he was taken to John Hopkins Hospital. He the fluid, like egg white, ran out of his eye. The Dr. called in students to see his scar through the pupil. After getting a Studebaker car about 1924, he drove a car one eye until he was about 85 years old. He used glasses to read. But could see at distances without glasses. His hearing was good until his death.

running from bees

W. VA. SCHOOLS

January 31, 1980 Dave Sharp

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History and events of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp family--Luther David Sharp, etc.

L. D. Sharp (LDS) was born June 8, 1872 at Slatyfork, W. Va. in his father's house on the old county road ^{which} crosses Slatyfork Creek about one mile above where Slatyfork Creek empties into Elk River. He had two older sisters, Ella who married Robert Gibson, and Malinda who married (*John*) Hannah, father of Vee Hannah. *John* *David* *Sharp* *(LDS)* *was* *Senabaster* LDS as a child had light blond hair. He went to school in a log, 1-room school house on a bank across the county road from the cemetery, at the edge of some trees and near the spring at the road. He watched his father and other men in the neighborhood build the school house, and he told us that his mother could see his white head bobbing along as he ran back to the house for lunch at noon. He described his teacher Mr. *Sam Mathews* as a very hard man with discipline. They got the basic "3-R's" of reading, writing and arithmetic, using slates instead of paper. His old slate used to be at the old house. "LD" as he was affectionately called by many including the family, did a lot of reading and educated himself to where he could carry on conversations and business deals with college trained men. At a young age (12) studied music under a teacher who taught shaped notes and through later years directed the Slatyfork Methodist Choir and they traveled much of W. Va. at singing festivals. When "LD" was 12 years old he had set himself up in business and still worked on the farm. Before he was 12 some men working on a sawmill asked him if he could get them some handkerchiefs and *Tobacco*. I believe a drummer coming through gave him tips on how to order things. *and jewelry from J. Lind co.*

At age 12 he got on a horse with some profit from ^a previous business deals, and went down Elk River to a family he knew of who had boys that trapped fur. He went to the house. The father told him the boys were in school and for him to go there and pay them whatever they asked for the fur. The father would not set a price. LD went to the school and asked to talk to the boys. They came outside and said they had MINKS SKUNKS FOXES *

and when LD asked how much they wanted for them they said a very low price *(see Dad's story elsewhere)*

He paid the boys for the fur and went back to the house to get the fur. The mother asked how much he paid for them. LD didn't want to tell them, so said "I paid them exactly what they asked". She asked again and the father told her to shut up, that if he paid them what they asked, that was the end of it.

He stayed at some one's home ~~that~~ night before coming back to his home. He said they had I believe, ham and bread. They had no ferks. Maybe a big ferk and a knife to cut in the kitchen, but none for the table. *I believe this experience was on a later trip*

Growing up wasn't easy. It was hard work to provide clothes and feed for the family. He has mentioned many times of when he was hoeing corn etc that the ~~hard~~ hard ground and roots caused callouses and pain in his hands--that often he had to use his other hand to open up the fingers on the other hand after a tough row to hoe.

As a teenager, another country boy challenged him over some matter. In the middle of the fight the other boy picked up a sliver from a board and hit him across the nose, breaking it, resulting in a slightly crooked nose the rest of his life. Another time when he was a young man, ^{28 or 30} he ran through some elder bushes at the back of his father's house and where some one had cut off some of the bushes, one of the sharp ends ran through his left eye. Somehow, he was taken to John Hopkins Hospital. He said the fluid, like egg white, ran out of his eye. The Dr. called in students to see his eye. From whatever they did to him, he could see daylight through the eye, and had a white scar through the pupil. After getting a Studebaker car about 1924, he drove a car with one eye until he was about 85 years old. He used glasses to read. But could see great distances without glasses. His hearing was good until his death. *running from bees*

W. VA. SCHOOLS

Page 2 The Sharp Family Slatyferk, W. Va.

When LD became about 19 he went to see the girls, going in a buggy or horseback. Either at a party or a dance (square) Nelly Slanker jumped on his lap and embarrassed him by sitting on his lap, so he said. He must have been about 17 when he planned to go up to see some girl living near his married sister Ella. Dad (LD) mother suspected he was going to see her and sent a note along with him to his sister, telling her to try to prevent it--for some reason. Ella lived about 4 miles up Elk River.

Dad met Laura Mergan, who lived with her parents, Rev. Sam Mergan, at the Edray parsonage. He went by horse or buggy to see her. He had her soon talked out of teaching school to marry him. When Rev. Mergan died, Laura's mother Edith married Mr. ~~Hitchell~~ *Wesley IRVIN*

Dad had seven children: Ada, Violet, Ivan, Greola, Silas, Paul, and Dave, Jr. Ada married John Johnson in Baltimore. Ada studied Elocution and performed in New York city, and knew a famous stage actress and exchanged letters for many years. Violet married Rufus Markland of Richmond, Va. and had one child, Rufus, Jr. Violet and Rufus came to Pocahontas County to get married. Dad had heard his last name but had never seen him before. When he started to introduce him in Marlinton to someone, he had to ask him his name. Dad laughed about that many times. Evan didn't appear to be much interested in girls when he was a teenager, but did go up Elk to see a Hannah girl. Then Ivan went up to Arbovale to a music school one summer and met Genevieve Ornderf. He immediately fell "head over heels" in love with her. He drove up there everytime he could get away. One time he put chains on both front and rear wheels of his Star car in order to get through the deep snow to see her. They had three children, Ralph, Ramona and Evan. Ramona majored in music, taught school and married Tom Shipley. Ralph married Regena. Evan married Phyllis in Va. He was "fatally killed" in a hunting accident at about age 34 Nov. 17, 1975

Greola died age 18 with a blood poisoning.

Silas Sharp still lives at the old homestead at Slatyferk.

Paul Sharp married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and they had two children, Thayer and Barbara. After Vonda died, Paul married Ketha Milhollin of Port Neches Texas.

Dave married Sylvia Friel of Marlinton, W. Va. July 11, 1940, and adopted a daughter, Linda, in 1962, and live in Cincinnati, Ohio. *LINDA married Benny Edwards, May 24, 1950 (12-18-61)*

Ada's husband died. Her son Donald and Helen Johnson came to live with Dad and both went to school till on their own at Slatyferk. Ada remarried Wm Curtain and they had 3 children, Clara, Bill and Stanley. *Donald lives in Portland, Oregon*

When Dad got married, he built his house on to the same house he was born in, both houses sharing the same fireplace. The old house was taken down about 1940 and lumber from it was used to build an apartment on the back of the warehouse of the "new" store on Route #119, for Dave and Sylvia to live in while they ran the store. The old house that Dad built is still standing with the chimney, but the kitchen has decayed. The old apple orchard that must have been there when Dad's father lived there is still standing. Dad did some grafting of apple trees on the farm. Some of the very old apple trees are Pippin, Fallowater, Red Astern, (and later a Richmond.) and (Red) Ben Davis, a hardy apple, but not much for flavor. A story Dad told many times. His grandmother took the seeds from an apple and planted the seeds. She planted 7 seeds, but only 3 grew. She had 6 ~~children~~ (boys). During the Civil War 3 boys died, and 3 boys lived. *Sum in one of the Boys' Books*
21 girl 1 girl
= 7 children

It seemed to be an OMENTE here.

Slatyfork, W. Va. SCHOOLS

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Slatyfork, W. Va.

I had a son William Jr 166

I understand the original of the Slatyfork Sharps was William Sharp who lived at Huntersville. William lived at Slatyfork in a house (probably log) at the edge of the meadow next to the big spring of water close by the route 219 bridge that crosses Big Spring creek. Apparently he moved, later on, a 1/4 mile up the creek to a log house still standing at the large 17-room house now being used.

William had several boys and one girl Mayella (who died of I think diphtheria) Henry lived in a house in a field below the Middle Mountain Meadow. Don't know where he was buried. Harmon Sharp lived in a log house at Slatyfork (Laruel Bank) where Big Spring and Elk River converge. The point on Gauley Mountain is known as X Sharp's Knob, perhaps known named after Harmon. — William

Luther Sharp was a 16 year old boy, who started to run up the path above where the railroad track now is, when JAKE SIMMONS of Bath County, Virginia, of the Confederate army shot him at a great distance, thinking he was of military age. We don't know where he was buried. Probably an unmarked grave in the Sharp cemetery — ?

Another Son Was Hugh Sharp, who lived all his life in either the original house near the spring or the one near the large existing house. He lived there at least after his childhood. Hugh, after the war, threatened many times to go bee hunting over in Bath County to kill Jake Simmons for killing his brother, Luther. Uncle Hugh's sport was to take a small glass bee-trap to catch a bee on a flower and by letting the bee feed on honey in the trap and turning it loose to come back, and repeating it many times till he could see which direction the bees went and he could find the bee tree. He had all the bees he needed, so in stead of cutting all the bee trees, he'd carve his initials on the tree signifying to others that that was his tree, — mostly sport for him.

Uncle Hugh loved his bees. When he gave Dad (LD) his part of the original farm to keep him the rest of his life, Dad built the 17 room house with timber sold from the land. Uncle Hugh would not let them remove the bees from around the old house when the new house was being built. The carpenters had to fight bees during the building. One man jumped off the second floor roof when a bee got to him. After the house was finished, ~~and~~ Uncle Hugh lived there, with a hired hand and a cook, Mrs. Shewalter that Dad provided for him. Every day at noon after eating, Uncle Hugh would go out and walk around each hive of bees to enjoy the sight. (He always worked with the bees without a bee-vail on, and claimed he never ever got stung.) The hired man, Taylor Ramsey decided to play a trick on him, so he got a patented snake (imitation snake), and put it at the mouth of a hive, appearing to be eating the bees. Mrs. Shewalter and the man was looking out the door or window to see the fun and laugh at him when he found out it was a trick. Uncle Hugh made his rounds of the hives, when he saw the snake. He stepped back and got a long stick and slipped up on the snake with the stick raised above his head, when he realized it was a trick. He did some quick thinking to keep them from having the joke on him. He turned around, opened his fly and facing the house wee-weed on the ground. They didn't tease him about it!

Dad said Some of the Sharp boys joined the North and others the South. One of them Henry with the South, was on picket duty not too far from the Slatyfork Area, when he was shot by his own men, who said they made a mistake thinking he was from the other side (at night). Someone said they were suspicious he ^{was} working for the other side and they deliberately shot him. And of course he may have been also: Harmon, Henry, Luther

The only other son I know the name of was Silas, father of L. D. Sharp (Dad). At that time the boys lived in the log house with their father and mother (next to what is now the 17 room house). Some of the boys joined the North and others joined the South. And perhaps two or three, not convinced which side to join, didn't join either, and technically wasn't on either side. Silas, and a brother or two and perhaps a couple other men under the same circumstances who chose not to join either side, being afraid either side would capture them lived under a cliff of rock at the "pine knob" just on the other side of Middle Mountain Meadow. They stayed there when there was troop movement in the valley, coming in for food when necessary. Silas and a man ^{was} ~~thinks~~ Gibson, (Gibson's father) was captured by the Confederates. Silas ran down below the house and hid in a goose's nest. A soldier fired his rifle and was standing a few feet away using a ramrod to reload. Silas picked up a boot-jack and hit him in the head, stunning him, but they captured him. Another man there tried to run away, up toward the cemetery. The Captain gave orders for two soldiers to catch him. Threw down their guns and chased him up the hill.

Taylor Ramsey

of Robt Gibson's play

John Gibson (Lam Gibson's father)

Was inside the

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Page 4 The Sharp Family

Slatyfork, W. Va

When he got almost up to the top of the hill he was out of breath, and stopped, turned around, pulled out a "Pepper Box" pistol (that Dad said might not kill anyone) and said "hangister, I'll kill you". They turned around and fled, leaving him free. This may have been ~~RAHMY~~ Sam Gibson's father. ^{JOHN} If so, he wasn't captured. Silas and the other man was handcuffed and a confederate soldier on horse was assigned to walk them south to Salisbury, N. C. to prison. They walked many days. The two men said they were not in the northern army, but the army took them as prisoners any way. One day on the trip south, the soldier on the horse had a "call of nature". He got off his horse set his gun against a tree, unfastened his suspenders. The man with Silas had a very small wrist, and showed Silas once before that he could take his handcuff off that was holding one man's left arm and the others right arm together. Silas begged him to take his handcuff off so he'd be free to grab the gun and free themselves. But the man was afraid not to take it off. So they went on to prison. ² Dad has told us many times the years and months and days (about 9 years) he was in prison. (X) years, 23 months and 24 days *lucky 6 days of being 2 years*

Silas was in the prison in Salisbury for ~~two~~ ^{about} years or more before being transferred to Richmond. While in Salisbury, most of the men died of disease or starved. Silas made (with his knife?) pieces of "jewelry" and had a black woman who came in the camp prison to clean up, to take out and sell for him and bring food to him., which may have saved his life. The men at rats and dogs when they could get any. A captain came through the prison one day. Some men threw a blanket over the dog ~~and~~ that followed him, and killed it. They cooked it to eat. Silas took one bite but couldn't swallow it. He carved his initials or name on the stone walls of the prison. He went to Richmond to stay until he was exchanged later in an exchange with the north of prisoners. He was given a written pass to walk through lines to his home from Richmond. Silas had, ~~2~~ ^{MARRIED} ~~children~~ ^{before} his capture. Sarah Hannah who's father lived, I think in a log house next to Page Hannah's house and near Archie Gibson's house. The house was still standing in about 1935. Si Sharp, my brother, thinks the Hannahs lived in a house above the road above Frank Hannah's (Sam Hannah's). There was a house there that a Hannah lived in and they may have lived there first and moved down to the other house after that one may have burned.

When Silas got back home from prison, he went to bed ~~in the bed~~, but tossed and turned and couldn't sleep on the feather bed. He had to get out on the hard floor and sleep like he did in prison! - *for a while*

Silas's father, William married ^{RAHAEL} ~~Sarah~~ Dilly from I believe about Campbelltown. ^{Rachael} ~~Sarah~~ was of German descent (maybe from Germany?) and spoke German. Dad picked up a few words from her, but could not carry on a conversation in it. At the St. Louis Fair at about the turn of the century, Dad and Bob Gibson, his brother-in-law, went to the fair by themselves by train. Each country had booths selling their merchandise. Dad went up to a German booth that had German girls selling. Dad only knew one word, meaning "pretty girl". He said it to them, but when they responded in rapid German, he was embarrassed and turned heel and hurried away!

Apparently families had special pliers to pull teeth. Silas (grandfather) asked Dad to pull a tooth (maybe his last?). Dad was all excited, thinking he might fail or break it off. It was a successful pull.

Grandfather, Silas became sick, perhaps suddenly, complaining of his stomach. He died soon. Dad thought it may have been appendicitis, or cancer.

Was in mind the

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Page 5 The Sharp Family

Slatyfork W. Va.

Grandfather Silas was in prison in Salisbury, N. C. So Dad (LD) on a trip to Florida about 1938 decided to stop in the city to see the prison that his father was in. Dad stopped in town and got out of the Wash car and saw a very old man sitting on a bench. Dad went to him and told him that his father had been in prison there and that he wanted to see the prison, and could he tell him how where to see it. The man told Dad "your dad didn't live through it. They all died. Everyone of them starved to death. Not a one lived." Dad told him again that his father lived through it, saying "I'm here, so my father must have lived" But he couldn't convince him that his father lived. The old man must have been a boy at the time of the war, or maybe he had been a soldier. Dad didn't see the prison.

During the War, General Lee's army was camped up at Linwood, and had a hospital on a little flat just below the 219 road, about half way up the mountain. Lee came by the Sharp's house about supper time and was invited in to eat. Uncle Hugh told many times of General Lee's white horse Traveler being tied up beside the house. Two guards were stationed outside the door on the porch. The log house, covered with clappard, still stands, with the old stone chimney. Uncle Hugh was there, but was too young, or they ignored him because he didn't belong to the North's army.

One late afternoon, the Confederate army came there and camped across the creek in the meadow. They set up their tents and needed fire wood to keep warm and cook. Each man went to the rail fence and brought one to build a fire or fires. Every rail was taken. The soldiers found apples that were buried under dirt to keep from freezing. When the captain found out they took the apples, he ordered them to go pay the Sharp's for the apples.

Confederate soldiers camped up at Linwood one winter. It was a hard cold winter and the Sharp's heard that half the soldiers died of disease, but they were buried secretly. No one ever found their graves. Some thought they might have dropped them down some vertical caves in the area.

It seems the Confederates hurriedly retreated from up there when they heard of a Yankee army coming from Huttonsville. They loaded up their wagons and came down Big Spring Creek and then on toward Marlinton. One wagon loaded with lead musket balls broke an axle where the road crossed the creek at Linwood. They just left the load there. Dad said his father went up there ~~(with a sled or wagon)~~ and brought perhaps a 100 lbs of lead to melt down for his gun for bullets. *on shoulder*

Uncle Hugh told about a Southern soldier being ambushed up along the old road, and wounded. I think another soldier was killed outright. Uncle Hugh and ^{his father} others took a sled up there and hauled him down to the house and made him a bed in front of the fireplace. He was mortally wounded and he knew it. He told the Sharp's about his family in the South before dying that night. I don't know if any messages were sent south, or even if those there could write???? I'm sure Sarah (Silas's wife) could write, but

After the war, Uncle Hugh thought it would be interesting to make a cannon and shoot it. He fashioned a cannon out of a hollow pole. Made a round wooden ball. The story as I remember, he fired it and it blew up but the ball went through a wall of one of the houses.

In a letter of Sil's to me: "Three of Uncle Hugh's brothers were killed in the war. One was "Little Luther", age 16 and one was Bernard. Don't know the name of the other one. (Henry) Uncle Hugh and Uncle Harman who lived at Slatyfork--he later moved just out of Elkins.. There was one 12 year old girl (Mary?) died of Diphtheria. Uncle Hugh had Diphtheria too. Dr. told him to smoke a pipe." *ella*

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The Slatyferk Sharp's The Sharp Family

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When Dad (LDS) was a boy of about 7, a black man ~~working~~ working on a saw mill or something took a liking to Dad, and with a knife whittled Dad his first and only toy of his life, out of a piece of wood. I think it may have been a figure of a boy.

One summer when Dad was perhaps about ¹²11, he begged his father to let him ride with some wagons from the area going over to Millboro, Va to get supplies. There must have been 3 or 4 wagons and the men. One night after crossing into Virginia, they camped on some high ground overlooking a very small cluster of houses, that blacks lived in, or so they told him. They decided to have some fun, Dad told me, at his expense. They told him that these black girls liked to sleep with a white boy, and that they would come up at night when a person is asleep and go to bed with him. He didn't believe them. So they told him to look at his penis the next morning. That night when he was asleep, they unbuttoned his pants, and rubbed charcoal from the fire on him. He said the next morning when he got up awake the first thing he did was look, and he was as black as he could be! HIS UNCLE HARMON WAS ON THE TRIP

Harmen
Sharp
was one
of them

When Dad was about 15, I'd guess, he and his father went on two horses up to Linwood where there was a store. It was apparently an all day job--go there buy some supplies and loaf a while before coming back home. They had some cider, which Dad said was boiled two barrels into one, and it had a kick to it that he didn't know it had. He drank a few drinks and then he and 3 or 4 boys there went down to the nearby creek in a patch of elderberry bushes where they were playing. One was whittling with a knife and accidentally cut one of the boys just a little. Dad said it seemed funny to him because he was drunk (and maybe didn't know it), but he was so lightheaded he could hardly get back in the store. His dad was ready to leave ^{FOR} home, and said to Dad "would you like to have a glass of cider before we go home?" Dad said he didn't think he did, knowing he was already drunk. He didn't think he was ever going to get on that horse without his dad finding out he was drunk. He made it home ok. He said that was his first and last time getting drunk. All his life he never drank any beer or whiskey. He did smoke when he was about 20 but quit after perhaps 2 or 3 years.

Page 7. The Sharp Family

Slatyferk, W. Va.

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Dad was both a farmer and a merchant. He ran a store on the old road "over the hill" near the old house, which he built perhaps about 1900, along with farming. The product sold from the farm was wool, sheep, and cows.

Dad's store was about the only one in the area. Later on the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. had a store for their employees at Slatyferk. He bought furs, chickens and wool from farmers and shipped to Baltimore etc. He would buy up turkeys from farmers, pack them in barrels and haul them to Marlinton in wagons and put on a train to go to Baltimore where feed brokers sold them. Usually he made out ok. That's a long way for turkeys to go unrefrigerated! One batch he sent, maybe his last, the broker sent him a small check saying he peddled the turkeys all over town trying to sell them. He sold a few, but most of them stunk so bad no body would buy them! ha.

Farmers would kill pheasants (grouse) and he would pack them in small barrels and sent to Baltimore. Another thing he bought all his life was ginseng.

Dad was, I believe, the first to have a telephone. He was also the first around there to have a car, after telephones had been in. *See stories elsewhere*

One time some one up at the head of Elk rang a distress signal and everyone picked up their phones to see what it was about. Someone announced that a horse and buggy had run off and was headed down toward Slatyferk. People all along the road went out to the road to stop the horse and buggy only to find that it was one of those new fangled horseless carriages. Jeke!

When a few cars got in the area, Dad ordered gasoline in barrels. They were hauled from Marlinton, and a hand pump was placed down in the hole after the cap was unscrewed. He later had, I believe a small tank put in with a hand pump to pump it into a car.

I don't remember how the amount was measured.

Dad got a Studebaker sometime about 1914 ^{and} Maybe before that? In the 1920's he or Ivan broke the axle housing on the rear end on near Ella Gibsons in a mud hole. Ivan made a wooden sled and took a team of horses up there, fit the sled under that one side, and pulled the car back home. He ordered a new housing. It cost what dad thought was too much -- perhaps \$150 when the car may have only cost \$800--??

When he bought the car, he sent Ivan to Marlinton for I think a couple days to learn how to start, run, and do minor repairs to the Studebaker. In the winter time, the car was jacked up off the tires.

About 1928 (?) the new highway came through, bypassing the store location on the old road. So Dad had a man KING in Marlinton to build a new store building where it is still in existence. Four new hand operated gasoline pumps with 10 gallon glass tanks at the top were installed. Dad had Standard Oil at two pumps, and Ivan had two pumps of Amico. It was big move moving furniture etc over to the new place by wagon. Dad borrowed money from the Farmers & Merchants bank to build the store. He also borrowed about \$300 from his friend Sam Gibson. It was a struggle during the depression to not go broke, but finally after keeping some of us in school and college, he finished up the debt with some sale of timber. Ivan sold auto supplies in one corner of the store. The store had 32 volt lights, run from a Delco generator. The house already had 32 volt electricity. Then about 1936 or 1938 (?) WestPenn came through with 110 volts. Tourists began coming through so gasoline sales was reasonably good. Dad decided some "Tourists Camps" should be built, so old Camp 18 that the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. left when they were finished, was torn down and used to make the camps. They perhaps more than paid their way. Then it seemed better to rent them out to people working for the company. Henry Gibson lived in one, Oscar Kerr in another. Others were...

The only one in existence now is the one Henry Shaver lived in, and his wife Lorraine still lives there.

(179)
Slatyfork Sharps' Records

(Page 178)

From the William Sharp's Bible Record.
 Furnished by Ramona Shipley, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Copied from record pages between the New and Old Testaments.
 Xerox copies made.--copied from small Bible given to Rachael
 Dilley by her Father Martin Dilley on her Wedding Day.

Martin Dilley born Dec 27, 1779. Died 12-26-1851, age 71, 11 mo, 29 da;
 26

Rachael Dilley born October 1815

William Sharp and Rachael Dilley married Sept 20 1838
 (another date also entered at another place, but the ink is
 smeared and the year looks like 1832, which must be incorrect
 as the children's births started a ~~year~~ year after 1838).

William Sharp's children:

1. Martin B. (Bernards) Sharp born June 14, 1839
2. Jacob Henry (Henry) Sharp born Aug 17, 1840
3. Silas Sharp born Marc. 2, 1842
4. William Luther Sharp born Dec 17, 1843
 (The family knew him as Luther in his youth--perhaps to
 distinguish between him and his father, William.
 So he was the 4th William Sharp in line.) William IV.
5. Hugh Calvin Sharp born ~~1842~~ 7-10-1846
6. Mary Eleanor Sharp born Feb 11, 1849
 (She died with diptheria during the Civil War--or before the
 war. Family tradition is she was about 12 years old. She was
 burried to the left of the road on the rise just below the
 Sharp's Slatyfork store)
7. Harmon B. Sharp born 10-2-1850
 (He moved to near Elkins, died there and burried near there.)
 (Died with cancer --of throat (?))

Luther Sharp above: Family tradition has been that Luther was about
 age 16 when he was shot. Date of birth and the dates of the first
 year or two of the Civil War indicate that he may have been perhaps
 about age 17.

see page 179 →

Davis Sharp
 (7-14-82)

PAGES COPIED FROM SMALL BIBLES GIVEN TO RACHAL DICKY BY HER FATHER, MARTIN DICKINSON, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Was made the
120th of September
1838
burn and was
burned by the
year 1839
I feel was born
the 17 of June
Flagged by 40

FRONT PAGE

Rachal Dickey
was born October

the 4th 1815

(179)
1815

Remember that this is
the compass to guide
your little soul
to the port of eternal
life.

1st Book Fly Leaf

Wm Sharp &

Predicted was
miracle the
20 of Sept
1832

Martin B. Sharp
was born the
14 of June 1839

Isaac Henry
was born the
17 of August
1840

Flagged by 40

4th

John Sharp was
born the 2 day
of March 1842

Wm Sharp
was born the 14
of August 1843

John Sharp was born the
27th day of the month of
1775
and said the 24th day of
the month of 1851
aged 7 years 11 months 29 days

John Sharp was born the
27th day of the month of
1775
and said the 24th day of
the month of 1851
aged 7 years 11 months 29 days

2nd

Silas was
born the 2 of
March 1842

Wm Luther
was born the
17 of December
1843

Isaac Calvin
was born the
10 of July
1846

3rd

Mary Eleanor
was born the
11 of February
1849

Sammon Bolton
was born the
2 of October
1850.

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Samuel G. Morgan was
born July 8th 1847.

Edith H. Morgan was
born Dec. 20th 1855.

Laura J. Morgan was
born March 31st 1874.

William G. Morgan was
born March 15th 1876.

Sarah V. Morgan was
born Feb. 15 1878.

Edgar R. Morgan was
born April 18th 1882.

Lena Florence Morgan
was born Dec. 17th 1896

BIRTHS.

Miriam Edith Morgan
was born August 13th 1898

Georgia Virginia Morgan
was born Sept 2 1900

Laura Rachel Morgan
was born Feb 14th 1903

Samuel Aaron Morgan
was born April 23 1905

Annina Frances Morgan
was born Jan 12 1908

Jan. 12, 1908

FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Samuel G. Morgan
and Edith H. Ramsey
was married Feb. 20 1897

Laura G. Morgan + Luther L. Aker
was married February 16th 1897

William C. Morgan and
Annina F. Hill

was married Nov. 12 1897

180-A

REEL #1 June 1, 1949 Tapes of L.D. Sharp
Old Mill, Civil War storeies, etc. (If done over on Ampex, may be clearer)

Dad: Sheep dip killed 5 sheep. Dave, I'll give you a jar of syrup to take back with you--and a sugar cake. ... Im sending 6 to Pauls. Thayer ~~he~~ gave to sweetheart and Barbara treated her teacher. ... 152 quarts of syrup....

.... they'd go through and rob neighbors. (Civil war through Slatyfork) ... they starved them to death. My father was in prison 23 months and 24 days. They starved them to death and hauled them out of the prison by the wagon loads. Going to Fla I stopped in Salisbury, N. C. and there was an old grey headed man. I told him my father was a prisoner there. He said "they all died, either starved or poisoned. Father said the meat was covered with worms. They made brothe. He shut his eyes and swallowed it.. The dead were buried in trenches. A dog followed a captain through the prisone. The men threw a blanket over it and killed it and ate, some ate rats. My grandfather (William) skinned a cat. Father couldn't eat the cat. My grandfather (William) got him exchanged for rebels. He had exchange papers and started home. At a small geathering of southerners, the said "where are you going"? He said "none of your business." They said: If we gain the war we won't let you live with us" Si said: I'll give you to understand I won't live with you, They started after him and he ran. He was too weak to run. They didn't follow him further. He walked all the way home to Slatyfork. If old man Bill Hannah had done one thing. Two men left over them in charge of the two. They got off their horses to a call of nature. "My father reached over and took one of the man's guns and pointed to Bill Hannah to take the other man's gun. He couldn't get him to take the gun. They never thought of killing those fellows (rebels) but we could have killed them and had nothing to worry about--he said. They could have gotten away. (Dad told us one time, as I recall, that Bill had a very small wrist and could get the hand cuff off his wrist that held the two together. Bill showed Silas once that he could take it off. And that Silas wanted Bill to take the hand cuff off so they could grab the guns to threaten so they could get away. Dad may have been mistaken ~~at~~ for a moment about them putting their hands on the guns---???? -Dave) Jake Simmons killed Luther. The Confederate army went through past the house. Jake was behind and shot Luther going up the hill. That's the same time they captured my father. My grandmother said "look there's a regement of soldiers and he ran down and jumped over a fence and sat down in a goos nest covered with boards. About a 100 of them shot at ~~the~~ John Gibson (Uncle Sam's father) and this fellow who had a muzzle loading gun shot at John. and he set his gun down almost between my father's lets, to load it. He waited, till he poured the powder in and went to get the bullet in and he said he knocked the man and gun over and jumped back over the fence and ran back into the same old Jake Simmons that killed his brother, Luther age 16. Jake put a gun on him. He looked for a rock to throw at Jake but couldn't find one. The men emptied their guns at John Gibson. Two thraw their guns down and ran to the top of graveyard hill and was about to catch John, ~~he~~ a powerful man--Sam Gibson's father. He had a pepper box pistol that I reckon wouldn't kill you. and they ran back down the hill and he got away, ha, ha. He pulled the pistol out and said "dangester, I'll kill you". There was ~~twice~~ twice he (John) almost got captured. He went home and later on, a bunch of rebel soldiers went in there to John Gibson's place and his wife said to him "look out there the rebel soldiers are coming down here to the house" He broke to run and ran over the hill and the soldiers fired at him and missed again and one rebel laid his gun across a post and got a rest and would have killed him but his wife took a boot-jack and knocked him crazy, and he got away. Later on during the war ~~he~~ he took pneumonia and died. With all the getting by in the war, ~~and~~ pneumonia got him after all.

(Story about the two soldiers killed in ambush up on the old road:)
Dad: They brought the soldier (that was still living) in and he died at the house (the same log house still standing) There are two of them buried up at the top of the hill at the school house. Just dug a hole. They were riding along the road and the rebels (I think Dad's memory got it mixed--they were Yankees that shot them) waylaid them and shot two off horses. They were one or two that got away. Maybe one of them was Walt Allen. (Walt Allen was a Yankee from over about Randolph county, I think--Dave) Uncle Hugh (a young man) thought so much about one of the men that was shot and lived a while. If they had had doctors like today, he may have ~~been~~ been saved. (Another account of this story is elsewhere in this history of the Sharps--Hugh and his father William was cutting wood and heard the shots and a southerner on a horse running told them to go look after the men shot. They took a sled up and got them. They put the dead one in the corner and took the other in by the fire.)

I don't know where the graves were, but one time I was plowing there in the school house lot and a horse's foot fell down through the grave. I hated it awful bad.

Dad: Henry Sharp, an uncle, joined the rebel army, or be taken prisoner. So he joined the rebel army. One joined the yankees and one the rebels.

Dave: Was the Henry Sharp meadow named after him? Dad: No, that was another Henry Sharp. Henry (uncle) was killed. A picket shot him (at Bob Gison place) They were suspicious that he was a yankee, it was thought. But he was in the rebel army and was on picket duty and a fellow shot him and let on like they shot him by mistake. The other one was in the Yankee army and was killed. I lost three uncles and the only girl 12 years old ^{many} of diptheria and she is buried down there on the left side of the road ^{elbow} --about top of the hill. Uncle Hugh knew where it was. I said there ought to be a monument. He said: "it's been so long ago it isn't necessary" It's there inside the fence near the road (near the sheep barn.) That's what the war cost my family. The war spread diptheria. One of her boys, Henry Sharp when he was killed had an apple in his pocket and she planted the 7 seeds of the apple (grandmother Sharp) out here (near the beehouse) and only three of the 7 threw. She gave Uncle Harmon Sharp one and it was planted down there at the McCitchin Place and gave Silas one and it was right below the old house over there (old home place) and Uncle Hughs was out here in this garden, and they all had the same kind of fall apple. --a good cooking apple. But she thought that represented that when the war was over she'd only have 3 children left. Four of them died. We cut the one down over the hill because it was where we wanted to build the warerrom, I think. It was 40 years old, I reckon. The one here an Uncle Hugh's was near the warerrom.

Tramp Dad: I saw that tramp going by today at the schoolhouse. He was swinging his arm as hard as he could swing it, and the other arm was like a dead arm. I hadn't seen him for 10 years. --a little short fellow. (Dave: We'd seen him go by about every year for years--walking fast.)

Uncle Hugh's story about a greased Indian:

Dad: a Joe Lager or something like that wanted to go back in the woods to where he'd hear no sound of a gun but his own, and ran on to these two Indians. I can't tell the story as it was. The Indians gave a squall and made for him and he may have shot and missed and they were on him and he threw one on the ground and was getting his knife out to kill the Indian and the other Indian got his knife out of a scabbard. He had to kill him to save himself and the other Indian almost got advantage of him by getting his knife out of the scabbard. I forgot the details but I think the other Indian got away. It was one of the most stirring stories you about ever heard to hear Uncle Hugh tell it.

Uncle Hugh's pet deer: Dad: Uncle Hugh had a pet deer. Aunt Ella and I. It'd fight or run us everytime we came here to visit. We were going home across the hill and looked coming off the hill coming as hard as it could right after us, like a dog running a deer. ^{Pel} ^{Deer?}

REEL #1 June 1, 1949 Tapes of L. D. Sharp
Civil War stories, Old Mill, etc.

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could right after us, like a dog running a deer. We ran to the woods and got up on a leaning tree up higher than the deer could reach. A deer strikes with both front feet just like a man and cut you all to pieces with it's toes. We had hollered for Martha Hannah who lived here then and she ran up there and got the deer by the bell collar and held her till we got over home (Dave: seems Dad said her name was Nell?) That doe knocked Nora Sharp down. Uncle Harmon's girl and would have beat her to death if didn't.....(not clear) (Dave: I think Nora married George L. Hannah--and she is burried in the Sharp cemetery) Si talking about fishing..... up slatyfork creek. Dave: Dad, isn't that where you built a dam and ran water around the hole? Dad: yes, we got 53 fish out of it. Water was getting low, cavity in a rock holding about a barrel of two wof water, and ran a small stream--a inch pipe si e. I stood there and studied it a good little while how to get those fish. A big lynn tree standng on the bank. I decided to go home and get my father to come and help pipe the water over the hole. We cut that tree down and stripped the bark off and the bark piped the water over past the hole of water, a sdistance of about 20 feet and we dipped the water out and got 53 fish to eat. No restrictions on fishing then.

Deer hunting --- Deer salt licks

Dad: Farmers killed deer at suck licks. Natural sulphur run out on certain places. Deer tear up the earth to get it. Then farmers made salt licks. Drive a stake in the ground and poor the hole full of salt. They couldn't get it all without digging down for it. It was either mornings or evenings that they came tan to suck the licks. Dave: did you kill any at a salt lick? Dad: Yes, I did, on Gauley. One time over there a wild cat was at the lick. I sighted at it so long I was sighting on just the front sight. I was about to leave that day. The Englishman.... I thought I just sit there (Dave: He told the store another time:--he shot at the wildcat and it didn't know where Dad was and jumped into the treetop where dad was and scarmed Dad almost to death--just a boy).Saw the deer coming. ... I just broke it's back. I came a knat's heel of missing that deer. Lots of deer then. About like killing ground hogs now.

Bill Curtain War in Italy (not clear at all)... One thing, the let the Americans go in there, you see, read about the lost patalion. Carl Barnes was commander of that unit. Those rangers..... Crossed the highway and got in the heart of Rome.

Dave: The old Mill house needs a piece of roofing on it.

Dad: Well, Ive been trying to sell it. It's going to fall down. I offered to sell for \$50. When I sold it, the man came with a truck to get it and those old Kelley's (they lived in the mill house across the creek) took the box that goes around the meal in. It'd cost \$25 to make it and they took it and burned it. They once rolled it out in the yard and Henry Shaver and I liked to not get it back in. They took it and burned it for firewood. I went there to sell it and there wasn't a thing in the world to hold the meal in so he wouldn't take it. ... Brice Griffin ground meal for a half a day. Took half a day to grind a grist. Sam Jackson said he could eat it as fast as it comes out of the mill. Someone asked how long he could do that. He answered: "I could do it till I starved to death" ; ha, ha.

Might be clearer if redone on the Ampex reel to reel tape machine.

Stories by L.D. Sharp taped by Dave 6-1-49

Reel #2 Page 1

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Voices of Dad, Otis Gibson, Si, Dave Ralph

Dad: something about the bee association (

Si: (to Ralph)(hunting) Did you go clear to teh Bob Gibson Place (all looking at an aerial view map) --are those skid roads?

Si: This is Slatyfork and he was supposed to go up this buck hollow that runs up to Joe Gibson place. He was supposed to go up here and come around thru here, thru a bunch of pines yonder on the point. Well eh got up there and cut over and looked down to Sam Hannah's from Bob Gibson's meadow. Then you came back ~~from Bob Gibson's meadow~~ thru there, huh?Ralph: yes. Dad: Right here's where I was scared about out of my boots. I thought he ~~was~~ had heart trouble. I couldn't holler him up and couldn't shoot him up and couldn't hear a word from him in the world. I worried and prayed and here he came up alive. Dave: You (dad) and Donald and I got lost up there coon hunting one night. Dad: Yes, we came down the roughest old hollow there ever was.--back of Page Hannahs' line.

The roughest place you ever saw after night wasn't it. We didn't know where we were and lost part of the gun. Came down to Page's apple orchard. Si later made a part for the gun--forestock. And John Woosley lost it again. He went down there watching for stealing corn where shucking

corn (lower meadow). ~~the man~~ was. When ~~he~~ started filling up a sack of corn, ye yelled to surrender and ran out and broke a rail at the fence and ran down over the bank and laid down., and Woosley lost part of the gun and he had to come back (home) because he was afraid ~~he~~ had something to shoot him with, ha. Woosley lost part of the 410 gun and couldn't shoot. Later on I told ~~her~~ about it. --caught ~~he~~ down there stealing corn. He smashed the fence flat. I said there was another fellow with him--old man ~~Woosley~~....his hogs. They worked on the track together. She didn't say a word. She knew it was true. We'd seen where he'd taken out loads of it before.

Dave: Didn't your dad catch someone stealing hay? Dad: No, it was Uncle Henry Hannah caught Hannah stealing Hay (on barn on Buzzard mt.)

(made him pitch the hay back in the barn--Henry slept there to catch him)

Dad: Grandfather Sharp caught a man fight out there in the corner crib. He set a fox trap through where they take corn out of the crib. He came to get corn and got caught. He went to the barn a cople times. He wouldn't holler at Grandfather. Finally he hollered: "Mr. Sharp, come out here. I tell you if you'll let me out of here, I'll never steal another thing as long as I live. Grand father promised him he wouldn't tell on him.

Dave: did he know who it was? Dad, oh yes, one of his neighbors, but he oulsn't tell us who it was. He promised he wouldn't tell. He let him out of the trap. I bet he had sore fingers, ha. Grand father was a man of his word. Dave: Do you remember him? Oh, yes, I was nearly grown when both of my granfathers died. Grandfather Hannah and grandfather Sharp and my grandmothers. Did you see yours? Dave: only grandmother Irvin.

Dad: Not preacher Morgan? Dave: no. Dad: Boy's I'd give \$5 to (have you hear him preach?) He was one great preacher. He was the best preacher that ever preached on this charge and they sent him back here by the Dist. Supt. to the quarterly meeting one time when he was on the Lobelia circuit to preach and I never did forget his text. It was at Mary's Chapel. His text was the "Great Store House of God" He said the time would come as the human race needed the wealth, there was untold wealth in these hills and in the lands, and as the generations of the earth needed it it'd be unfolded (End of 1st side of cassette)

Ralph and Dad talking: deer hunting. Si: In Montana, a man killed a mule and brought it in to the checking station !! ha, ha. Dave: what did your father have to tell time? Dad: He had an 8-day clock. I don't know who got it. Maybe Ella or Malinda got it. It struck on every hour of the day. I think I took another clock over to repair at Wooddells and it was never fixed. He died and they closed th store. It may have been sold.

Either the original reel tape is not clear, or perhaps it would be clearer on ~~max~~ the last Ampex player--to transfer to cassettes.

Sharp's Stories taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

Ralph) 185

(LD, Ada, Ivan, Si, Dave, Sylvia, Will Curtain & Evan), Ralph)

Starts with Dad and Ivan singing songs. I've got the tuning fork there. Dad: we can't all sing with one book. I've got the tuning fork. "Do, me, do" I'm trying to get the sound. I've got the tuning fork. Ivan: Wait, I've got something on my glasses. I can't see anything. Ivan: what part are you going to sing? Dad: I'll sing tenor. Ivan: I don't know if I can sing soprano, or not. Dad: well, do you want me to sing soprano? Ivan: I usually sing base. Dad: here, somebody clean my glasses. Si: (talking about the tape recorder) said: everyone brags about their singing. Now they'll know if they are telling the truth, ha.ha. Ivan: (wire recorder?) wire plays 15 minutes. (Ivan had a wire recorder) Dave: let's have some powerful singing. Dad and Ivan: me, so, do, me, do, me. (no piano) "There's a glory in my soul, Then Jesus gets control. He lives with in my heart. Oh happy song Si (joking) tape for identification. Have you used Mother Hubbard's little leg goos, ha. (pretending an ad after the song) Dave: You just heard LD, Ivan and Ralph Sharp. (Then with piano): several singing a song....."redeemed..... Dad: the title of this song is "Beautiful home Somewhere". Looking at Pictures: Dave: look at the bees. Dad: those are Ivan's. Sylvia: Dave hived those bees. Dave: Let's laugh a little bit, Ada. (Ada and Genevieve laughing.) Dave: Ada, who's that in the middle? Do you know? Ada: ha, ha, yes. (About Ivan--discussion): Dave: ... Mary Roberts? Si; no, it was Genevieve at Greenbank. Si: Ivan And I we got up there to that old ... He (Ivan) said if you'll get out close to the gate, well..... see THEM GIRLS. If you don't we won't, ha, ha. I wouldn't get out to open the gate and he turned around and came back home, ha, ha. Evan: damn you! Genevieve: Evan I beg your pardon.... your saying. Dave: say nice words, Evan, ha (all laughed) Dave: I never saw that broken leg (Evan's) Genevieve: I had to keep him in bed for 3 weeks. He couldn't even turn over. At 3 o'clock in the morning he'd get awake and I'd have to read him a story. Dave: Ada, I understand you used to speak over a radio WPBI in Baltimore. Tell us what it was about. Was it for a beer co.? Ada: No, no, ha, ha. Ada: I was on for 15 minutes. It was dramatic sketches. different things each week and on for 8 weeks. Some interesting things did happen. The announcer said "I don't think I can go on the air. I didn't know what to do. There was no one else to take over. So I was trying to go on with the program and think up what to say in case he did collapse there, ha. But he went on through with it. Dave: You may have been an announcer if he'd collapsed. Did you have an audience? Ada: just a small one. In those days they sat in another room at that time.--the control room. Dave: what were the stories about: Ada: or, different things, Let me see. One I gave about Pappa and the boy. I don't know if I'll remember it. Perhaps Evan would like that. Ada: "But it's not so agreeable about 2 o'clock in the morning when you're dead for sleep and you wouldn't give anything to hear pres. Truman speak. Well, this little boy woke up about 2 and said "Hey, Daddy. What? Did.What do you want? Nothing. Then go to sleep. I ain't sleep Daddy. Well, I am young man. I'm not abit. Daddy if you was rich what would you buy me? I do t know. go to sleep. Wouldn't you buy me nothing? I suppose so. Then what would you buy me? Maybe a steam engine. would the wheels go round and round? Yes, yes, go to sleep. Daddy, if I was rich I'd buy sou something. Would you? I'd buy you some choc. drops and ice cream. No one wants to hear it this time in the morning. Go to sleep. Daddy, daddy, Well? what do you want now? Let me think-- I want a drink of water. No you don't. Yes I do, daddy. (thinking. there'll be no peace until the boy gets a drink you get water) I do 't want to hear another word from you tonight, young man. I can spell" dog, daddy. No one wants to hear you spell it now. Yes, please.

Sharp's Stories, taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

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C-A-T--dog. Is that right daddy. No it isn't, but nobody cares. Then it's D-O-G ? Yes, yes, now go to sleep. Then I'll be a good little boy, won't I? Yes, you'll be the best boy on earth. Good nite, daddy. Good night. -----Daddy, daddy -----don't you wish you had 2, 3 5 or 300 little boys?

Ada: I haven't done that one for years and years. (relatives laugh). Si: I'm going to bed. You'd better too.

Si: (pretending to be a political candidate) "on this auspicious occasion, it is very gratifying to see your ignorant faces. (Si changing his voice, ha) I'll give you a dollar a vote for your vote" Dad: that's what they were trying to do. Dave: what are your planning to do this week: Ivan: well, I plan on making a little hay, taking off some honey, kill a few ground squirrels, whistle pigs and kill a little time. And visit a little with my relatives and friends, and then figuring on going back to work. Save a little of my vacation for deer season. I do like to hunt deer. I haven't had very much success as far as bringing in some game. A lot of exercise and enjoyment--just running through the woods totting a gun. Dave: what you doing there, Dad? Bleeping?

Dad: finishing up a good nap. I didn't go to sleep last night till half past 1 o'clock, waiting for you to come in and you didn't get in. But made up for it this evening. Dave: Did you know we were coming in yesterday or today? Dad: I heard you were coming in to Ivan's last night. Said you phoned through and said where the key was at (to get in the house at Nitro.)..... I'd a Dave: I told him to leave it under a cup on the back porch and he didn't like that idea much. Ivan: we were on a party line and I didn't want all the neighbors know where I was hiding the key. So I told him I'd leave it with his old girl friend across the street, Hattie Howell. (She went to Wesleyan same time as Dave) Dad: did you find anything to eat? Dave: they just about ate it about all up. wasn't much left there. (kidding) We went to the cellar and opened up peaches and pears and plums and apples (kidding) and we really had a feast. This is Aug. 21, 1949.(all eating at table). Ada: did you have a lot of raspberries this year? Dad: a few. Had 40 gallons one year..... (End of first side of cassette)

(Eating at table. all talking, not clear)

Genevieve: One of our cousins up home (Arborvale) Ed Arbogast's boy, came along in a car and we were out there making hay. Stella said "Ed you don't have any children yet?" He said "Well, we're still trying" ha, Ada: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Dad: Is that thing recording everything we say? Dad: do you want any berries? If you do go in there and help yourself. I'm going to shave. I've got to go to that funeral..... Dave: did you see Melinda out there a while ago? Ada: yes, yesterday, not t today. Dave: she can't hear well... (flame swallow) Dad: gas in his mouth. Did you see that Ralph? He set that on fire and it went down his throat, then as it came out..... Si: ~~alcohol~~ alcohol flame.....and when they stick that in their mouth they generally let out a mouth of air to keep the heat going away, you see. Dad: As it came out his throat he lit a cigarette. (Dave (started to put a lighted match in his mouth) Dad: Oh, don't do that. Dave: I saw Bill Viering (at Wesleyan) chew up a razor blade and supposedly swallow it, but probably put in a side cheek. Si: he looked like he was drunk, this fellow. He was asked if he'd give him a push to get the car started. He said, yes he'd push him. She backed off about 20 feet and came a sailing and smashed into the back of that thing and smashed the bumpers right off and flattened the fenders, and nearly broke that fellows neck. ha, ha, ha.

Sharp's Stories, taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

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Si: (talking about a boy who lit seat of his pants and a gas flame shot out and breaches on fire--use wool pants instead of cotton. Ha, ha.

Si: talking about danger, that's dangerous!

Si: I wonder who reported the deer lick, salt lick back of the water fountain? (The game warden said there was one reported there. He was up there at 2 o'clock watching for them. Dad: Now if one comes there, they'll kill it. Si found the head of one where they dressed one up and left the head down in the hollow. A nice buck.

Will Curtain: Wasn't it old man Sam Gibson.... he could tell you right smart about deer. He was sick in bed and we went up there one time.

Ivan: (or Si?): Yes, I used to like to go up there and listen to the bear stories. He'd sit there and smoke his pipe and tell the stories.

Indian Fight: (maybe later get a better or clearer version from the original reel tape instead of this cassette.) Dad: The Indian, had his hide so greased he couldn't hold him. Uncle Hugh would tell that.... Si, how was it? He shot at the Indian and he had a muzzle loader and before he could get another shot, the Indian, --there were two of them ... (one?) Indian going away. and he said he got him down and his hide was so slick with grease he couldn't hold him and he said he (Indian?) was reaching down to get a knife out of his scabbard, the Indian was.... I can't tell you all the story but he finally killed the Indian. The one he shot first was..... he noticed him just as he got through with the other one, he propped himself up and he was ready to shoot him (white man).. (/) Uncle Hugh used to tell that. It was interesting to hear him. It'd take him about 1/2 hour to tell that story about Joe Logst (or Louset?)

Dave: wasn't it Uncle Hugh as a boy that was chased into a log by a bear?

Dad: That was Uncle Harmon. a long time ago, no, it was Uncle Hugh, by the way. Uncle Harmon told him a doe on the mountain had some young fawns in a brush thicket. That he heard them in there. He told Uncle Hugh to go up there and he could catch them. He'd been told that if you go in screaming and yelling and squalling that a fawn will lay right down and you can run right in and pick them up. And he dreamed he had a cane, a complete cane, with a knot on the end turned you know. The night before he dreamed something about being in a fight with a bear. So he went up the hill here. He saw a cane, and cut it, just carried out just like in his dream. So he went up to where Uncle Harmon said he saw that doe that had the fawns in there. He got up there in brush, you know and he went jumping over top the brush and hollering and when he got in there, there was an old she bear that reared right up in his face, that had cubs in there. He went backwards and got out and started running. He ran down on the sugar flat, where there was ~~at~~ a big hollow log there and he ran in that log. Well that would be the place the bear would want him wouldn't it! ha, ha. I... would a climbed a tree. He was scared to death and didn't know what he was doing! Uncle Harmon told Uncle Hugh that he heard the doe in the thick brush. Si, you've heard him (Hugh) tell about it. Si: yes, he told me "I saw if there was any running to do.....that Harmon, he knew that was a bear in there, ha, ha. End of tape.

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 1
(age 76) 186

Ada, Ivan,
Stories: Otha, deer hunting, school house, bear,

Dad: Bowd (Boude) Hannah went out one evening to hunt the cows and he had his dog with him and he went back upon the mt. on Gauley. The dog came up on an old she bear and cubs. (Dave: was it before you were born? Dad: No. I was going to school, a chunk of a boy. The dog took for the year and the bear took after the dog to run it from the cubs. When he saw the bear and dog coming he climbed up a pine tree. The dog ran an to the tree for protection and the bear came to the tree and saw him up there. The bear went right up the tree after him and the dog ran away. It was a small pine tree. He shook the tree, it was tall and slim. He shook and hollered and they heard him all over Elk. Old man Billie Hannah, a mile away, heard him hollering. He said he knew Bowd was in distress. He got his gun and hit for there as soon as he could. That bear, gave some knaws and drove his teet into the tree. They said he was scared nearly to death. And Billie Hannah got within about 100 yards, I expect before that old she bear left that tree. The dog ran off. The bear went after her cubs. He shook her off the tree. A bear can climb a large tree, but it's hard to climb a small one. SI: was he the fellow that ran into a wild cat? Dad: yes, he was going before daylingt one morning up on the mountain after cows. He had his dog, maybe the same dog, with him, The dog was in front of him and this wild cat went up on a tree to jump on him and the dog happened to be in front of him and he jumped right off the tree on the dog. He said he had a cane with him It was a big dog and into it they went. He and the dog killed the wildcat. He said if he hadn't had the dog it would have killed him. Dave: Didn't you catch a wildcat in a trap? Dad: yes, up at the forks of Slatyfork creek, near Buck hollow. I saw a wildcat in my trap. The biggest one I ever caught or bought. I threw him across my shoulder and his front feet almost touched the ground. I'd gone up close to him and got a cane (stick) about as l rge as my arm. It was a dry stick. I got up to kill him the first lick. I was going to hit him with all my might and I hauled away with all that I had and he growled at me. When I gave him the lick, the stick broke off right above my hand and the stick went the other way. The stick was rotten inside. Boy's I went and got me a stick that I knew wouldn't break. I tried it. I went up again. He laid on the ground and growled gr-r-r-r. Everytime I hit him --about four times before I killed him. That wildcat had jumped in every direction trying to get out. The stake had gone down about 12 inches to the flat limestone rock. If he had jumped upward, there wasn't a thing in the world to hold him. The hole was 3 inches across the top. But he had jumped and worked the hole big in the swamp. If he had jumped at me that stake would have come out. Ivan, it was in a muck near that swamp just below where you cross that swamp there at that appletree. XXXX I'd set the trap for coons.

XXXX Will Curtain: one time when we were up there hunting something came down that middle mt. like a streak of lightening. It wasn't any sheep nor deer. Dad: Over on Gauley, a boy there if clothes would have come off, they'd have come off. I was over there watching a deer lick and a deer dug a holes in the ground I expect 2 feet deep, where we had salt. I got down in an old pine tree top. I secured myself down in there hiding myself from the deer. It was hard to get in there and just as hard to get out. I looked across where the salt was, there was a big wildcat. --right at the deer lick. I don't know how it got there--it must have slipped around the other side. Those big ones they call catamounts. I sighted with my gun. An Englishman (there was an English settlement at Linwood to Mingo) was there with me and we wanted a deer so bad. He was watching another deer lick. I sighted and studied if I should shoot it. If I shot it I wouldn't get a deer. Finally I decied it was pretty close to time to leave there and I'll just kill it.

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 2

The wildcat came there looking for a deer, smelled around and looked. So I got down like this, you know --it wasn't over 20 steps from me. I cracked down on that thing--I remembered afterwards, --I'd looked at those sights so long, that I just looked at the front bead. That catamount didn't know where I was at. He wanted to get away from that shot and right into that pine top where I was and you never saw a boy come so! It scared me to death! I came off of there yelling at it. I didn't try shooting again. It wasn't trying to get me. But I didn't know it. Then it took off the other way. Boy I was scared! Si: Was you as scared as the time you shot a cub ear off a log? Dad: That was up on Slatyfork mt. I shot a cub bear off a log. There were 3 of them together. The were coming down off the mt. I'd never seen a bear in the woods before. I saw what I thought was 3 black hogs, that I thought belonged to a man named Ben Varner. I was sure they were black hogs. Got within about 100 yards. I'd seen pictures of a bear. I'd never been to a zoological garden. That they came down to about 50 or 75 yards of me and I saw they were bear. They just dropped down in the water and wallowed like dogs. They were hot because they were running. A man named Woods Dilley was after them back on the mountain. I thought I'll just kill them. I had a single shot Winchester. The jumped up out of that water when they got through wallowing. The old one had her tongue out. A big log ran right along beside a sugar tree and some beeches. I'd heard uncle Harmon Sharp say about bears. You yell "halt" to a bear and you yell "yenk" to a deer, and they'll stop and give you a chance to shoot. So just as the bear passed this big sugar tree I hollered "halt" and she stopped that quick, and turned her head the other way--the sound echoed the other way. I could have shot her in the neck. Si could have shot her neck off. But I moved back against a big tree about 2 1/2 feet over.....(partly behind a tree?) I've heard if you shoot them behind the shoulders, in the breast or head, it wouldn't kill them. But just about 6 inches of it's neck showed and I could have shot her in the neck, I believe. I was afraid I couldn't. There was a tree about 18 inches right behind the shoulders of the cub. I moved the gun back to the cub and shot it off the log. I kept trying to put a cartridge in my gun and dropped two shells. The old one thought I was below there. She jumped off that log right toward me, if I was to drop dead the next minute. She jumped right square off and trying to get away from me. She jumped as close to me as that door. I just jerked my gun down like this. I got the shell just started in. Then she jumped 20 feet down over the hill. So as soon as I got the single shot gun loaded, I took off down below to head her off. Si: did you kill the cub? Dad: Yes, I killed it but I didn't get it there. She had run down to the road at Ode Gibson's (a recent man)--just below Ode Gibsons and she turned back to get the cub I'd shot. I could have stood there and shot for 150 yards where I saw them come down if I'd stayed where I was at. She ran now there and came right back up. This cub went over to the run where the water was. The blood had sprinkled the snow on both sides. I went on up on top of the high point and there was a laurel patch there. She went in that laurel. Blood was flowing out on both sides on the snow. I went up in the laurel--she might have eaten me up alive--that cub eing wounded. I crawled thru the ~~knack~~ knob and I heard them break and run out. It had laid down there. I went down over the hill after them, but couldn't see them. So I decided to go down and get Ben Varner--they lived there where Shaw's lived (in recent years)--that old house. I said "Ben, I wounded a bear up here and I want you to come up and we'll kill it. So Ben got his gun and went up there with me. He says you go around there and watch and I'll go up and take it's trail and follow it thru--blood on the snow. I got on one side of the tree as he came up and I jumped out at him and scared him to death! ha, ha, But he might have shot me. I should have had better sense.

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He said: let's don't go any further. Henry Sharp (lived on middle Mt.) has a bear dog. You go get that bear dog and we'll come back here in the morning. I said: well, all right. We came down to Ben's and then along the old road home. I told my father I shot a bear. Next morning it snowed about 6 inches that night. He said: "those bear won't stay on Slatyfork mt. They will go to Cheat tonight. Everything is snowed over and we're out of wood. I wouldn't go up and get Henry Sharp's dog for there isn't any use -- you can't see anything and you can't get on the trail". My father told me that, which was right if you reason it out. So about two weeks later it set in warm weather and snow went off and Woods Dilley(?) ran across uncle Harmon. He said: "who killed one of those bear over there? I followe an old she and 2 cubs over the mountain and went back the next day and jumped them there on the Johnson Flat. S She had one cub. I followed them till they went to Cheat. Some one killed one" Dad: well, it was within 300 yards of where we left them. That was a loss.

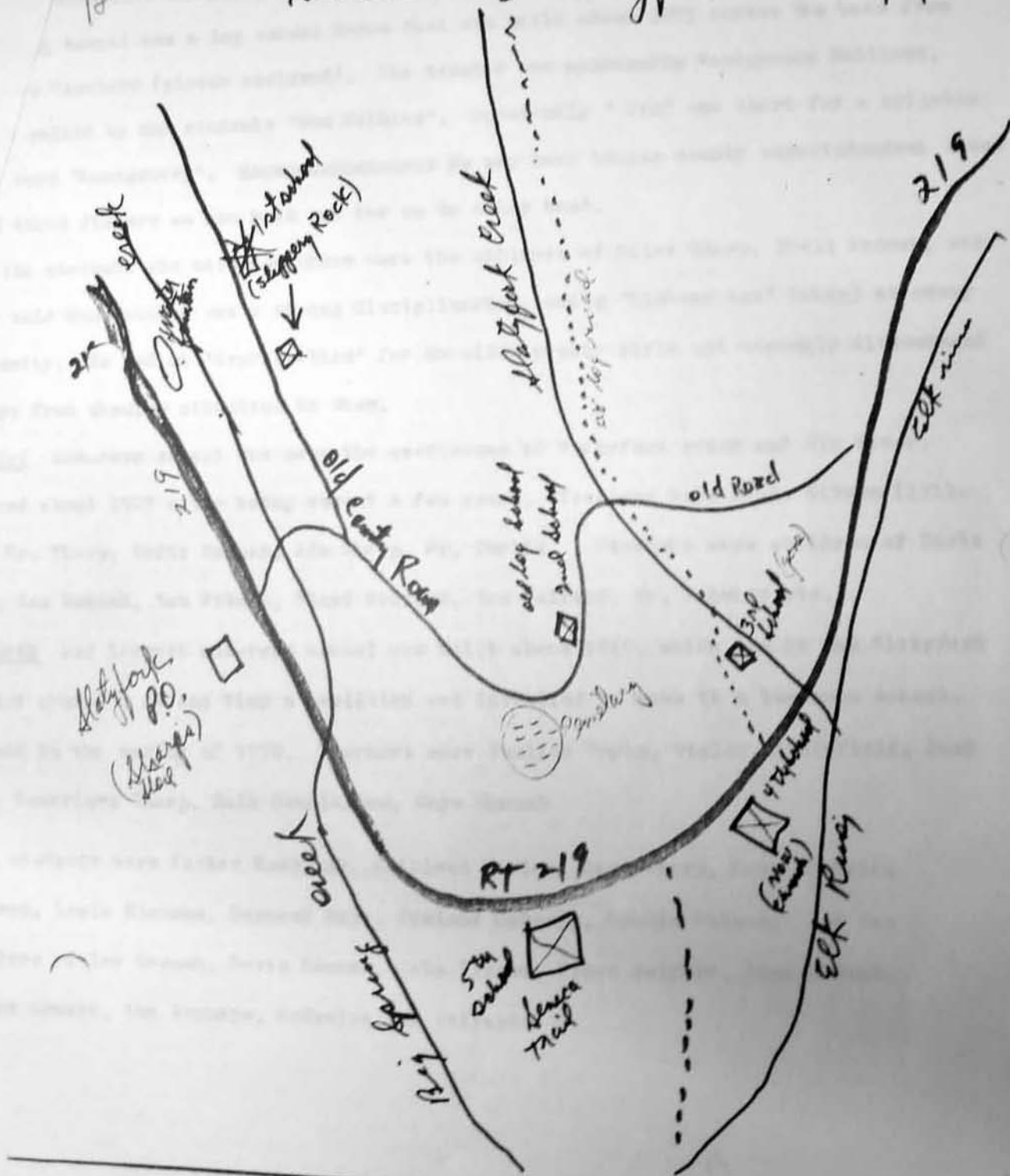
Dad: Well, another time over on the other side of Slatyfork mountain I saw where it looked like someone had dragged a log right up over the roughest place across mossrocks. I wondered what had dragged all that moss, making such a road thru the brush. I took my gun down rright there and went on up about a 100 yards and then up on top of the flat and there was a swamp there. They'd killed a sheep--an old bear was dragging that sheep. There were three others with her, 2 cubs and a yearling. All of them went thru that swamp. Law sakes a live, what a group of bear! I went on up on top about 100 yards and looked and saw them eating on that sheep. There was a felled tree and she was laying on the other side of the tree. I saw her head on the other side of the tree. They killed the yearling the next day. It was a 1/3 bigger than the cubs. They'd fight like pigs. If you've ever seen pigs sucking. One would knock the other one out and he'd run around and get another teet. That's the way they fought there and I stood and watched them with my gun this way--cocked for 15 minutes or more. Dave: why didn't you shoot one. Dad: well, I was waiting for the old big one. The wind was going strong across that way toward her. I thought she'd get up directly and I'd kill her first and then kill the whole bunch. All at once she got a whiff of me. They never looked up. If they'd looked and then ran I'd have shot. But the let that sheep go and ran for dear life! The old big one, she just came up out of there and put her feet up on that log. I had the fairest shot in the world, I reckon. I drew the gun sight in to her neck and I never touched a hair on her, ha. I came home and sent word up to old man Bill Gibson. I told him the bear are killing all your sheep. They went in there the next morning with a bunch of dogs, and told Bob, my brother-in-law to come down here and tell me about it and for him and me to go right on to the top of the mt on this side and they'd go in on the other side of Slatyfork and take the dogs thru. So Bob, may have been disappointed because he couldn't go with them. He thought it'd be all over before we got there and he didn't come at all. So they had gone down on Slatyfork (creek) in that pine patch (head of creek?) and they put the dogs after them and ran the yearling bear up a tree and they killed it. The (dogs) fought the old she clear up the mt. and held her until the men got pretty close to her and she'd break away and then the dogs would catch her. She went right on up to the op of the mt. where Bob and I would have been if he'd come on. They said they'd give him time to get there. So they only got to kill one bear. I've had the most expenience not to get a bear of almost anybody in the country, ha.

Dad: I've lost 3 deer right in succession. I killed one here about 3 years ago. I got it. Dave: you have a picture of it.

See 20-A

Schools of Slatyfork

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The first school at Slatyfork that we know of was at "Slippery Rock" on the old county road between the present post office and the water fountain, and near a house called the "yellow house". Silas Sharp, his brothers and others in the community attended there. One day the teacher was whipping him and Silas said "that's enough" ! The teacher said "I'll say when it's enough!", but he didn't whip him any more.

The second school was a log school house that was built about 1875 across the road from the Sharp Cemetery (picture enclosed). The teacher was apparently Montgomery Matthews, but was called by the students "Gum Mathias". Apparently "Gum" was short for a syllable in the word "Montgomery". ~~Raymond Matthews~~ He may have become county superintendent later. He had three fingers on one hand and two on the other hand. Among the students who attended there were the children of Silas Sharp, Shell Hannah, etc. Luther said Gum Mathias was a strong disciplinarian, using "hickory tea" (whip) at every opportunity. He had an "appreciation" for the older pretty girls and strongly discouraged the boys from showing attention to them.

The third one-room school was near the confluence of Slatyfork creek and Elk River. It burned about 1927 after being vacant a few years. Teachers were Allie Gibson (1911-1912), Mr. Tharp, Sadie Hannah, Ada Sharp, Mr. Curtis. Students were children of Davis Hannah, Sam Hannah, Sam Gibson, Floyd Galford, Sam Galford, Mr. Painter etc..

The fourth and largest one-room school was built about 1919, which now is the Slatyfork Methodist church. At one time a partition was installed to make it a two-room school. It closed in the spring of 1930. Teachers were Pauline Guyer, Violet Littlefield, Dock Hannah, Genevieve Sharp, Ruth Cunningham, Gaye Hannah

Some students were Porter Hambrick, Kathleen Carter, Dave Sharp, Don and Helen Johnson, Leola Simmons, Raymond Mace, Evelene Coberly, Archie Gibson, and the children of Lee Hannah, Davis Hannah, John Victor, Floyd Galford, Page Hannah, George Greener, the Bonners, McNeelys and Weifords.

See 20-A

~~XXX~~ Dad: I've killed one at the top of the mt. at the (red) oak stand (I think at the right hadd corner of middle mt meadow--knob) Shot about a 100 yards. Didn't hink I'd hit it. Killed it dead. It ran around the hill and another fellow got it and took off down the mt. with it. A man came around the hill, they scared the deer up to me. He said "some one killed a deer out there--right out yonder. He shot one shot (my shot) and I came around there and he just grabbed it up and ran down the mt and I followed him a way down yonder and I'm just now coming back up." Dad: I got up before daylight he came in here (store) and had it checked. He knew he hadn't killed it. There wasn't but one shot fired there. Well, the other year up on the mt I shot one right thru--too far back and it ran about 100 yards and fell. Blood just gushed out as far as the other side of that box (in room). It got up and ran about 20 feet and fell again and a pile of blood. The next time it fell a fellow named Martin came and picked it up and he went down to the camps (hunters camping down below). He never got it there. I'd hurt my foot and had nothing but artic shoes on so I could hardly go. Henry Shaver came to where I was and let on, he said he was sick and wanted to go home, or I'd sent him to see. I'd gone out to where I'd shot. I just went there and fell down different times. The ground was a glaze of ice. You couldn't stand on the earth. I had to hold on to hickory trees. There was one place around there if I'd slipped I'd gone 30 yards right on to those rocks and maybe killed. I saw the danger of me slipping and I turned to come back to the fire. So that fellow got that deer. That was two of them. Then about 3 years ago I shot from one end of the meadow to the other (middle mt meadow) --the biggest deer. I took 2 two shots at him before he went to the far end of meadow. He turned around and I must have drawn the gun 6 feet over his back. I hit him plumb as a dollar right in behind the ribs, and he fell and I saw him ther. I hollered for Lowell Gibson to come. The deer got up and went over the fence and around below following the does. He got over in that big hollow and slammed right into the bank. There was a hole that big where that big gun hit him. But he was shot too far back. We found the deer later. Henry got the horns and they're out here. That was 3 deer lost.

Ivan: didn't you kill one there before? Dad: I yelled: "I've got him, I've got him". Ivan came running thru the meadow. I shot that deer 50 yards--shot him right in there and went on thru the deer. Never found the bullet. That deer didn't fall. He dropped down about 12 inches of the ground and ran close to the ground. He ran to the fence and jumped the fence and then tumbled down about 30 yards and died. Ivan and Ralph came running. Ye yelled "you got him". That was a nice deer, I tell you.

Dave: remember the turkey you shot and couldn't find the bullet hole?

Dad: ha, ha. the turkeys were feeding with their heads down and I shot it plumb in the "back" part, and never made a hole in the turkey. It flew across the creek. I went over there and there it was laying. ha, ha.

Dave: told story of seeing a white wild turkey at head of Slatyfork creek. Had a 25 Stevens single shot. Thought it was a tame turkey because it was white. Then decided to shoot but had to shoot right handed (not used to it) and missed the turkey. Dad: I did an awful foolish thing, at that same place. I heard a turkey cutting a shine in that hacking. I slipped over to the briar patch that was in patches then. It's grown up now to big timber. An eagle(?) had a big bunch of small ones and was trying to catch them and up flew this eagle and he went within 30 or 20 feet of me, right on down flopping his wings. I had a shot gun, and if I didn't let that Eagle get away in order to get a turkey. That was really foolish. I could have shot his eyes out. Well the turkeys flew out and I didn't get any then, but I called and I killed 3.

(End of first half of big reel to reel tape)

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Starts: Si playing some on the piano.
Dad: (Regarding the old log school house on the hill): Dad: that's the "high" school I went to (high on hill!) where I got all my education. It fell 2 or 3 years ago. I can tell you how old it is. Take 3 off of 77 (1875) It was built 74 years ago exactly. I was 3 years old when they sent me up there to school. My father took me up there to finish it. George Painter and later on lived at Valley Head, built it, old man George and he used to live here on Middle mt in the Henry Sharp house. My father took me up there and I watched..... a little fellow, you wouldn't think a fellow 3 years old would notice. He was shaving, you know, planeing planks to set it inside. Planed it by hand. I'd see the shavings fly. I'd go up every day, My father would go, and watch him putting it together,--the old school house, and sealing it inside. I was three and Ella and Melinda would take me up there to the school house and they'd take a sheepskin for me to lay on. (during school). I'd lay there on the sheepskin asleep. At dinner time, mother told the girls she'd watch for me. I'd come home for dinner. I'd go in the mornings. She said she'd see the little white headed fellow a running down the road.

Log School House

Ada: it's amazing that you'd remember that. Dad: the reason I remembered the age, was what my mother always told me. Ada: now, did they eat their lunch up there? Dad: well, Melinda did and I did later on. Mother said I'd say I was coming home to "eat gravy" ha, ha. I was raised on gravy, ha. Dave: are those logs still up there? Dad: some are just as solid as can be. Dave: I wonder if one could build a camp out of them. Dad: those logs could last 200 years....
...that church over yonder (the old log church?) over a 110 years old, the back part of it, you can catch your hand in it.... all of it (rotten) It still stands. It's gonna fall down one of these days and kill a lot of people. It just rotted. It was never weatherboarded. 110 years. Rained, beating on it, just like on a log heap, and it's just as rotte. I said, "why my goodness & lives, it's dangerous for us to be in here" But Jack Baxter(?) said "I believe the best thing to do would be to jack it up and get concrete blocks and put it on., that's what I thought we ought to do." They have song services ther. and they can't ~~mm~~ (pay?) the preacher. The people don't pay enough. Only about 4 there that pays. There was 100 people there the other night and they took up a collection and got \$15 or \$20. Only paid a little bit themselves. Dunbrack's daughter, clerk in Clifton Forge Grocery co, said she came up there and couldn't get in and she went back home. Dave: doesn't it have a little balcony in the back? Dad: seems like there is one upstairs. There were so many people there that I couldn't enjoy it. I couldn't get around. On Pres. Roosevelt: Dad: He just ruined the country. That's what he was elected on. old Roosevelt and Truman. (Genevieve laughed)
Roosevelt placed a liquor store on every corner in the USA. It's killed 10,000 people with it's advocating liquor. Dave: (kidding) well it balanced the budget. Dad: He "doused" (?) it ! Yes, he did, with 200 billion dollars in the hole. there was never a man in the USA that was elected that was as ornery as he was. ... because the whole bunch of the are a bunch of drunkars and divorced people. Si: (jokingly) "now, we'll hear from senator Curtin", ha, ha. Mrs. Roosevelt was preparing to get a divorce when he was running for office and some of them told her not to as she wouldn't get in the whitehouse, if it caused him to lose the office, so I'm told (Later confirmed in James Roosevelt's book) Genevieve: don't you know that Mrs. Roosevelt came out here to see Dad ? Violet: yes, I heard that. Si: (pretending to be Dad, who shook her hand) "I want to shake your hand", ha, ha. Mabel: she took Ramona up in her arms.Dad: I said "now watch out Ramona, they might kidnap you. (before he knew who it was) I was scared. Mable: you didn't know who they were. Dad: No. and Jennibgs Randolph,...one of the fellows. There were 4 other senators and reporters along. And he (

Adg

I'd rather you'd stay

on the farm ... All over the county to roam I'd rather you'd stay where you are my just a little brown baby to me. To love and to cherish through all the day long. No joy comes so great that I see. But its true .. done went He push along the edge. He make no ..except to you. It's hard to think that someday we be dead. It seem very strange but its true.

Ada: Now this is my interpretation of a little girl: You're as ... and as cold as a stone little cat. The done throwed you out and left you there all alone little cat. I'm stroking your fur but you don't never purr, and where little cat. Why is that? Did they posion your stomach inside little cat? Diad they pound you with bricks or beat you with sticks, little cat? Tell me that. Do you hurt very bad, when you die? Why didn't you run away and hide little cat? There's tears in my eyes, aause I most always cry when a pussy cat dies, little cat. Think of that. And I'm very sorry, besides..... burry in the soft ground, little cat. Why I tucked the green grass all around, little cat. They can't hurt you no more..... so sore. So just sleep quiet like a cat and for-get all the dicks..... Another: Sometimes in the quiet evening, when the shadows creep from the west. I think of the twilight songs you sang, ..I'M the boy the.... .. you loved(best? best?)..... Little boy with the ... of head.. thats long long ago was (thine) I wonder if you sometimes long for that boy, oh little mother of mine. But now he's come to man's estate, grown stalworth in body and is strong. You scarce would believe that he is the lad you hushed with your slumber song. The years have altered the form and the life, The heart is unchanged by time. only thy boy as a goal. Oh, little mother of mine.

Another: They had been married just 3 weeks and on her honeymoon. She was a very energetic young lady and had married a young man noted for his lack of noble qualities. One night while they were on the honeymoon the groom was awakened by sobs from the bride. "What's wrong, what's the matter?" "Oh, I've just had such a horrible dream" Well dear, adream isn't anything to cry over. What did you dream? Oh, I just can't tell you. Oh, I dreamed I was over to Marlinton, and I saw a sign in a window that said: Bridegrooms for sale, boo-boo. All the lady s were going in and I went in too. Well Dear, what's the matter,, what was it all about? Oh, there such good looking husbands there, that sold for \$10,000 a piece. Well did you see any there amonth t ose \$10,000 ~~XXXX~~ crowd that looked like me? That's the worst of it. You were with the ones that were tied in bundles and sold for 30 cents a bunch. boo booo.

Dave: Turn on your radio next week and hear some more poems by Mrs. Ada Curtain. Now we'll have our midnight horror program. Now Genevieve please laugh. Genevieve and Ada started laughing hilariously for two minutes!! (Si playing the piano)

Dad: Story of Otha Hannah dying: Well, he took diptheria and died. About two weeks before that one of the other boys, Joe, a mischeevlious boy died of diptheria too. The parents were uneasy about him because he'd never been converted. They thought he might be lost (to hell) Otha was dead maybe an hour and he came too. He said he'd been in heaven. Aunt Martha Buzzard who'd been dead for years. She witnessed all over the county and shouted all over the church. He said: (Otha) I saw Aunt Martha Buzzard. He knew her and a number of people I knew of. I saw a boy that lived up on Elk, that took the Lord's name in vain and he was in hell. The Savior showed me he was in hell. The Savior asked him "why did you take my name in vain"? He was in the flames of fire, suffering and k tormented for taking his name in vain. He was lost. He said it (heaven) was the most beautiful place one could imagine. He said it (heaven) said to his mother (Mrs. David Hannah) After a good while he eat. I want to eat with you. She prepared something and told him to come to the table. He went to the table and he sat there and didn't eat

any. She went ahead and ate and asked him why he didn't eat. He said "while you were eating the Savior fed me on light loaf, milk and honey" And he said of a small baby there (Mary, who married Sam Gibson), I can ~~take~~ take the baby and put in the fire and it won't burn or harm it. He wanted the baby to show them what he could do, but they wouldn't give it to him. He said I can take this handkerchief and throw it up against the loft and it'll hang there. He threw that handkerchief up against the loft and they said there looked like the difference of a knife blade between it and the loft, and it stayed there until the next day. Grandmother Hannah (Hester), had a small baby (Mary) and didn't go to the funeral (the next day.) She asked them what time they buried Otha. They said about 2 o'clock. She noticed that handkerchief laying across the back of the chair at 2 o'clock--at the time they put him in the grave, the handkerchief came down.

Otha said, I can show you where heaven is. (this was after he came back to life) He went outside and showed them back in yonder and said that's where heaven is. It was all lit up (after dark), the whole heaven. "Now, this is the way Papas coming, down this way. He'd (David) been to a sale (on Elk) The said a light lit up like a flashlight, the way he was coming. After a while he arrived home. Otha told him all about heaven and all he'd seen. He'd never seen Aunt Martha Buzzard. Some people say we'll know people in heaven. He saw her and knew her. He'd never ~~met~~ met her in his life. She died before he was born. (His father, David said:) : well, son you've come back to stay with me. Otha said, "only for a short time.. I can't stay. It's too beautiful over there in heaven." I'll tell you what you bought at the sale. He told him of everything he bought. You bought a colt and you were going to give it to Sarah and me. (Dad: "that's my mother"). He said that that is right. So he finally at last said: "I'd like to lay down before the fire. Make me a pallet before the fire." He lay down there and never moved a hand nor foot. They looked later on and he was gone. I got ~~xxx~~ ahead of my story. He said to my mother (Sarah) "can't you see the Savior and Joe? They're just as plain as can be. Here goes Joe and there's the Savior right there in the room. She couldn't see them with her natural eyes. He (David?) was uneasy about Joe, but he was saved. He was a mischievous boy, nothing mean about him, but he'd never confessed. Of course, he believed from his training. (Dad quoting the Bible?): "Ye who believes in me shall not perish" All the family were great Christians, and one was a preacher. My grandfather lived so strict after that that he wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday.

My mother said to me when I was a boy, "don't whittle with your pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it." Oh, they were strict. We were taught if you take something the good Lord sees you. They taught us not to lie or steal. And you'll never prosper. Along that line of thought, when I was going to school, there were two boys that stole everything they could get their fingers on--pencils etc. They're old men now, about my age, one is 3 years older and they have hardly clothes enough to bury them. We all had the same chance. Our fathers had farms about equal. My mother said if you steal something you'll lose some other way. Those would steal and they've had a hard time of it all through life. I've worked hard. The good Lord surely has taken care of me.

Lassiters: "one of thme is in Calif. and one was sentenced to the pen on account of not registering. One in Jail wrote me a letter last winter --in calif.

March 24, 1977

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Mr. Dave Sharp
Sharp's Jewelers
3049 Madison Road
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This is a very belated thank you note for your letter which you had sent to the University of Chicago, last fall. I had left the University nine years ago, and they as well as I were flooded with so much correspondence, that we were unable to catch up with all the letters.

I very much appreciated your sharing the incident of your father with me, and I would naturally very much like to listen to the tape which your father made 20 years ago about this little boy.

Yes, we are convinced that our findings are the truth, and I do wish more people would be aware of it. Do share with me as many details as you have. It would be greatly appreciated. In the meantime, you have my correct address which is listed above.

Again, my apology for this terribly late thank you note.

Cordially,

Elisabeth K. Ross, MD
Elisabeth K. Ross, M.D.

EKR/uz

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Mr. & Mrs. Dave Sharp
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

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August 8, 1977

Dr. Elisabeth K. Ross
1825 Sylvan Court
Plossmoor, Illinois 60422
Dear Dr. Ross:

At your request I am sending a taped recording my father, Luther D. Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. made about 15 years ago, facts his mother and father told him about his mother's brother who died while his father was 4 miles away at a sale. Dead apparently a few hours. One side of the tape is about 4 minutes of my father talking. I listened to the larger tape machine (and recorded this cassette from it) and typed very close to his conversation in the tape to make it easier for you to understand the poor quality of re-recording. The other side is also about 5 minutes of a cousin, Mrs. Allie Gibson who heard the same story from her mother who was a sister to my father. I had never heard my cousin ever discuss the story before. Before my brother Si, got a recording of her recently. You'll hear my brother asking her questions about it in the recording. --basically the same as my father said.

I've heard my father tell the story many times from the time I was a child till his death. Briefly: Othey took diphtheria. His father went to a farm sale 4 miles away. Othey died while his father, David Hannah, was at the sale. When his father returned at night, Othey told him what he had bought at the sale, saying "you bought me a poney" among other things. While his father was at the sale, Othey died, came back to life, told his mother about what all he saw in heaven... aunt Martha Buzzard, Christ asking a man why he took his name in vain, saw his brother Joe who had died shortly before of diphtheria, etc. Othey said he could take the baby that his mother (Sarah's Mother too) was babysitting for (baby named Mary, I believe, who married later on married Sam Gibson) and put it in the fireplace and it would not be harmed. He threw a red bandanna handkerchief up to the ceiling and said it would stay there, which it did till 2 o'clock the next day when Othey was buried and it then fell across a chairback. When Othey's father, David Hannah, came back from the sale, he asked Othey if he came to stay and Othey said no, that he just came back to tell how beautiful it was in heaven. Mrs. David Hannah had supper ready when he got back from the sale. They all sat down to eat. When through David asked Othey why he didn't eat food on his plate. He told his father that his Saviour had fed him light loaf, milk and honey from the breadbox. (light loaf was delicacy then--usually cornbread) The family said the breadbox smelled of honey for a long time after that. The boy asked for a "pallet" (pillow) to be put down by the fireplace so he could lie down. He lay down and soon he quietly passed away. This is my recollection of the story my father told many times.

Use the enclosed typed sheet to help you hear or understand the side of the tape that is weak which is my father's voice cassette-taped from an old tape on a roll. There is a recording on each side of the tape--just short recordings.

If there is anything further I can help you on this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Dave Sharp

PS You wrote me March 24, 1977 that you'd like to hear the tape of my father, but hunting up the tape and getting one from another branch of the family seemed to take time.

Starts with Mabel reading a letter from Paul about Vonda in operating room. He called back to a neighbor in Borger who said Thayer and Barbara were getting along fine. Four-pint blood transfusion. Got her a ponsetta. Anderson Hospital. He got a wire from Violet--they are going to Ivan's for Xmas. Love Paul.....

Dad: I see a coon on that limb and I told Lowell to try it. ^{copy} ^{hunting} Lowell said he moved a little bit. Next shot he shot him out. Went down to the back of the cellar and put my head up against the cellar. ~~I decided~~ after hearing dogs barking when I got to the old school house. I decided the dogs were away up the creek. We went to the top of the hill yonder--went down and across the creek and went up there to upper end of that meadow right from that big walnut tree and he treed that coon a $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile from where we were at. Best coon dogs I ever saw. I believe better than when I was 12 years old. Well sir, he'd lay in the top of the tree and Lowell said "he'll fall in the creek, what'll we do about it?" I said I don't know. I'll just shoot it lightly and maybe he'll come out. I shot once and missed. I backed up far enough, I thought the shot would sprinkle him, but he didn't move. Next shot and he fell in the creek. Si said: "why didn't the dogs go in and get him when he fell in the creek?" Dad: I don't know why. But the creek's deep, Si. Si: The dogs can swim can't they? Dad: the water's awful rough up there. Pretty near knock the daylights out of a dog. I was on one side of the creek and he hung on until he was plumb dead. And then he let all hands and feet go and came straight down and he hit that water like a chunk of a calf. And I hollered and hissed the dogs and everything and the dogs ran to the water and wouldn't go in. Uncle George (Mabel's uncle) and Lowell was on one side of the creek and me on the other, but we couldn't see where it washed out to one side or the other--clear down to the bridge. It was dark. If he were stiff he'd lodge (against a rock) but he was warm and should roll out on the bank. He certainly was a big one. I hated to loose him. Oh it was the finest night I ever saw. I expect we scared out 8 or 10 from ~~the~~ mother's apple orchard. This one was a big one. I wanted Jr. in on it. I'd give a price of a coon and some extra if Jr. had been along. But it's hard work. I got tired looking along the creek. But he hung up there (in tree) until he was as dead as four o'clock, as the saying goes. Si: I'd like to see a good coon fight in the water where a dog goes in after him. Dad: They'll drown every dog, they say. I only saw one dog go in a hole of water in my life after one. That was the other dog I had when I caught those 26 one winter when I was 12 years old. I set it down in a diary. Set down everything I killed that year. It was at that hole where Pennington's lived (below church). Treed it over the hole and I shook him off and he fell in that hole of water and that yellow dog swam in. It was daylight when I got there. I heard him from over here and I went clear over the hill and down and he was there below Will Gibson. It was daylight. He seemed to sit in the water. The dogs swam up to him and he sat up on his hips and he just pulled his feet up like this and popped that yellow dog's head under the water and he got strangled and had to scramble to the shore. I hissed him back in but the coon knew to stay in the water. And then I shot him

Chinese checkers: Dad: when Mabel got playin good enough to beat me, I quit.

Old cellar over the Hill: Dad: Henry has potatoes in there. We put 15 bu. of apples in there and some one stole them all--all but $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. and 2 or 3 bu. of potatoes. It was old H..... T... I guess. H. .. got a buggy rake ~~xxxxxx~~ tool and drewed the steeple (for look) He carried them out on his back. I have a pain at the ball of my right heel. Hurts right into the bone

Apparently when Dad was a boy: Dad: ... cow had a calf with two heads and had it mounted. We were talking and he said to the calf to speak to this little boy. It spoke to me and I thought it was the calf talking, ha ha. I don't see how they can do that, do you? --standing over there and talk to you over here.

Dad: ... Hannah boy killed a bear. We went up to the head of Slatyfork creek and heard the dogs going around the top of the mt. and I decided no bear was coming to the head of the creek and we came out of there and came around to home here and they heard Mazie Hannah phoning to head of Elk that the bear was coming around up there on the Gibson place. and we jumped in the cars with our guns and Uncle George went up here to the Sam Gibson place. There were a whole bunch of us there watching and tourists coming along and wondered if we were watching for a gangster. But here came Si around directly and said they already killed a bear up there at Ellis Hannah's. We all went up there and Si took some good pictures. The Boys that was an awful big bear. His arms were bigger than a man's arms. One bite and he'd kill a sheep.

Dave: what time will you get up tomorrow? Dad: about 6 o'clock. I get uncle George up, so he can get out at 7. I got up at 15 to 3 mornings to go coon hunting. One morning I went over the hill and the dog was dragging a big coon. That night he went over and we killed two and one got away. Gee, believe me, I had a load. I went down to the old wagon house and got a piece of wire and ran through their ham strings, you know and put them across my shoulder. I'd go a little piece and have to sit down and rest. The fun was all over when I killed those two coons. Aren't allowed to kill but two coons at a time. Very good thing the other one got away or I might have violated the law and I might have overdone myself carrying them in.

Dad: Old Jack was barking at the hog pen at Henry's. I was going up to the sheep and I called him away. He was back there barking to beat the band. I went up there and he had two coons treed up two trees. Loraine was coming to help pen the sheep. After we shot one out I had Loraine --it was before daylight--to see with a flashlight and she said yes there's another.....

Dad: Then Keith Shaw was coming up from the church and said a coon ran across the road right down there. Lowell and I went down there and by the noise of the car and lights it ran up a big oak. Lowell said he saw it and shot it out. That last one made 20 coons. You take 20 coons and the clean out the cornfield and tear it up like a bunch of hogs. ~~Sharp~~ Sharp said hogs aren't equal to beavers. He said he had 15 acres of corn on the river. He said a hog couldn't hold a candle to a beaver. They cut the stalks off and carried them off in to the river. He didn't mind telling me. He said he shot six of them. Dave: Is that the same ~~Sharp~~ Sharp that killed someone? Dad: It was his boy, I found out. One of his boys shot a hole through the top of Gay's hat. (game warden?) Gay would never go back in that country after that. ~~He said~~ He says that's the best place to hunt because the game wardens never go back in there--you know after he got shot through the top of his hat! ha, ha. But that Gay, g when they came over to kill those bear, he came and asked and wanted to know who went up there bear hunting that day. Jake Mace went up there because the bear killed his sheep, and he went up there and caught him without a license on his own place. Took him up before a justice at Huntersville and fined him \$20 and cost. I would have carried that up. Dave: They change the law so you can kill a bear for killing sheep? Dad: Si and I changed that. We really did. We wrote to the Times and the Times took it to the Clarksburg papers and Cal Price wrote how awful the bear was. The next thing, a rule came that Pocahontas county and a couple more, there would be no law on bear. Si wrote the best piece you ever saw. The Clarksburg paper gave Cal Price credit for writing that piece, you know.

199 Stories by L. D. Sharp, 77, taped fall 1949 by Dave Sharp (Page 2-B)
(This sheet should have been immediately following the story about the two-headed calf--near top of page 2 --I overlooked one ~~sheet~~ one hand-written sheet when I typed it.) 199

..... (not clear)... Dad: She's biggest liar I ever heard. They put them out over there at Duncan's house. She had twin babies. One named Lee after Lee Gibson and the other after Fred Hefner.

Dad: I was so tired I could hardly make it in. The roads were so bad--muddy and slushy and slick. I had that coat over all this winter ~~sheet~~ clothes and I got so hot. We had a lot of fun though. I'd liked to have had Jr. along. Dave: "let's go out tonight". Dad: I got up 15 minutes till 3 o'clock and got that big coon. I don't have vitamins enough, but Lowell will go with you in the morning. He's got vitality enough, he'll jump right out of bed and go. 4 o'clock in the morning is good. Early at night and late in morning. They must retire at 12 o'clock. You can hardly catch them then. They travel just after dark and then again in the morning again. It seems that's the way they do.

Dad: I was almost eaten up one time. I was 12 years old and went down on Gauley to where a man named Curry had a corn field. Uncle Harmon Sharp went there a few nights before that and caught 7 coons. So I went down there and there were no coons in it. So I went out on the top of the bank, and built a fire. I had a dog I had so much confidence in. A 12 year old boy to go down there and camp out. I laid down by the fire and about 11 o'clock whe down in a laurel patch the dog was fighting something down there. And directly he was hollering like he was dieing. I waited for him to come back and I got scared. I went down through looking for my dog and couldn't find him I hit it right on down to Elk River and waded across the creek. The water was low and I hit for home. He rant into a bear down in there. The next day about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon he came in with his whole side torn out. You could see his insides. After so long a time he got well. That bear might have eaten me right there and you'd never seen your daddy. ha, ha, ha. (about five laughing with him) He almost killed that dog.

(Dave: Yes, I guess if that bear had killed him, we would never have seen him ! ha.)

Dave: are you going coon hunting? Dad: Yes, I'm going over and start the dogs. I ain't able to go over the hill. Get Lowell and you all can go over the hill You've got a lot of vim. You'd have a good chance to go up to Uncle Sam MA Gibson's place. Just drive the car up there and get out and go under those apple trees. The creek might be up so high that if they came off Gauley Mt. they can't get across the creek. I'll take Jack and Shep over in the meadow. Get your shoes on. You and Lowell go along and you two can go on over the Hill.(not clear)... *birds*

Dad: ... (about a girl he knew using perfume) ... etti ... a box of a smell, gives you a perfume. It smells pretty and there's catnip in it. And she wanted in to that and he asked her if that's how she smelled all the time., and she said "yes sir, that's my natural smell", and he'd never go back to her any more! ha. ha. ha. *story*

Another story: Dad: and she stepped in where some one had dumped, you know, over at the church and I could hardly stand it and I never liked that girl after that, ha, ha. Si: maybe she didn't wipe. ha, Dad: I never could like her after that. Everytime I'd think of her I'd think about that, ha. In church on the way, and walked to church and in the church and they smelled that.

(other side of cassette) Dad stalking a deer in a laurel patch on "bear pen ridge" on Gauley mt. Dad: ... right in the laurel patch. I walked right on out and the air was drawing from the deer to me. I walked to a birch tree, I remember it as well as yesterday. I stuck my head around. I could have pitched my gun right on top of that doe's back. Well, I cocked the gun. I'd never shot from my left shoulder in my life, ha. *deer*

I got the prettiest sight you ever say. I was just looking at the front head. I never once thought of it till it was all over. I drew the head ~~on~~ right on the middle of the deer and pulled it off and never touched the deer. I bet I shot a foot over it. Well, it went out of there like lightning. I jumped off in the laurel patch and fired a gain at it as it ran through in the brush, but didn't have a chance. Well, the next morning I said to Billy Marcus(?) "let's learn to shoot from the left shoulder. I could have killed that deer if I'd learned to shoot from the left shoulder. We went out and you've never seen the shooting we did (practicing) Bill got so he was better than I was. But Uncle Hugh shot all his life from his left shoulder. (Dave does too!) I was never closer to a deer in my life. That deer was eating laurel. It had it's hind leg toward me. Dave: You shot at a turkey the same way.

Dad: Ha, ha, yes the same way, ha, ha. I saw turkeys with young turkeys in the creek meadow one time, I had a mt. rifle. Had to load everytime. The turkey was going along picking grass hoppers in the grass. I picked out the largest one in the bunch. The young ones were nice size--in the fall of the year. She had her head down, facing the other way and when the gun cracked she just went over the bank were we treed that coon the other night, and flew across to that walnut tree. The others flew away. I went over and picked that turkey up and there wasn't a hole in it, ha, ha.--only a natural hole, ha, ha. Si: so you shot it right in the mouth! Dad: yes, ha, ha. That's the way to shoot a turkey--you don't tear it up, ha, ha. I've done a lot of hunting in my lifetime--ever since I was 12 years old. I'm 77, going on 78. I got so I could shoot that mt. rifle right along. YOU'd have to pour in powder and then put the bullet in and get the ramrod. It fit right under the barrel. Put a cloth wad in and then the bullet and push it in with your knife--butt end and cut the cloth off right at end of the gun, and when you got to the bottom you begin to hit the ram rod like this and when it commenced to balance back you know you had it down on the powder. *gun*

..... (some missing).... Dad: we'll go up to the peach orchard. Si: "I'll just call that --you're thru with the coons".--you're the one that made the bet". Dad: Like, Jr. last night, I told him I'd bet \$100 against 2 cents that the dog wasn't on the porch (gone coon hunting on his own)--oh, yes, I didn't collect the 2 cents did I?

SI: I think you all will have to produce a coon hide to make sure you got a coon. Lowell: we'll get one tonight or tomorrow night.
Dad: Lowell has enough experience to know that dog wouldn't go away back up there unless a coon was there. There's no way to prove it because we didn't get the coon, but I know he ran the coon from that apple orchard.
SI: (kidding) I'm satisfied in my mind that he was just running a fox up there and he ran far enough he decided he wanted to rest and he barked to fool you, ha. (Snowshoe rabbit) Dad: yes, wool on the bottom of their feet and their tracks as big as a dog's track. The first one I ever saw and I don't think I saw one since. Will Morgan saw this thing and he shot at it and I went to Will. He missed it. He said "I saw the biggest panther". I asked what color it was. He said "it's right white and as big as a sheep. I asked where it was. He said "it's right on up yonder--I know it's a panther". I never heard of a white panther in my life. I slipped along and he yelled: "wait, wait, I see it". I shot and when the gun cracked down it went. I went up to get it and held it up and it looked every bit that tall (demonstrated it). That was his "panther", ha. We brought it out to home. SI: They'll get brown in a their feet. White as snow, with long ears. SI: You know how cold frying pan". SI: you know, that cold winter in 1917 you know how cold it got? It stayed about zero about all through Dec. and Jan. We caught a weasel over at the high rocks over on Slatyfork that was as white as it could be--just like they do in Canada. Dad: I saw where on crossed it's out here in the store upper window. Dad: I saw where on crossed about 15 years ago, thru yonder at the meadow, round top of the hill. Oh, I've seen 100's of tracks in Gauley up there at the high top, I never ever ate one and never saw but that one and I killed it. Dad: ...
.... tie my shoe string. When my boys are here I want to make use of them.
(Attempt to tape Dad and have him on the movie at same time (on front porch?) L.D.: usually Friday is my lucky day but I hunted 5 days and didn't have any luck. I was about to kill a deer on the 5th day. I was crawling up to the deer and another man scared it away, so I missed having good luck on Friday. So Sat. I went back to my old stand. The deer was coming in a different direction to one of my by-standers. He shot about 6 shots and crippled it a little bit. It ran away from him. I shot about 200 yards and broke it's leg. Another fellow said "Go down in the brush, there's a big deer there on the left side of you. That other fellow didn't go in the brush so I took off down there as hard as I could down in the hollow and I brought him down. He was a 6-prong buck. Now if you want to kill deer and want a partner, you take Lowell Gibson. He's a real chum and a real hunter and if I take him with me he usually gets game. Dave: (kidding) where's Lowell? Dad: He's right here. Come over here Lowell. He and I are hunters together. He does whatever I tell him, ha, ha, ha. Dad: After I killed that fine big deer I sent Lowell back up to my stand where I'd been standing for 5 days and a big deer came thru there and he shot 6 shots and the last shot he brought him down. It was an 8-prong buck. Boy's did we have luck that day! We had two to bring in. It was a job bringing those two in. Boy's we did have venison! ha. Coon hunt:--Dad: Why, we had quite a sport killing coons. One night when there was no one here my coon hunting partner wasn't here so I wanted to go hunting so bad and started out and went over the hill to the other farm and the dogs put 3 coons up a tree. I killed one and it jumped 25 feet down over the hill. It got away in spite of everything. I couldn't get the dogs away from the tree as they knew other coons were in the tree. So I shot out the other two. Believe me, I had a load carrying those coons home, I wished my chum had been there to help. Those dogs are just pups, but really good coon dogs. They won't bark when tracking.
(Mabel's experience at the bear chase) Dave: did she run? Dad: The dogs were coming toward us. She ran to the car as hard as she could run, jumped in and suth the door. They rant two deer out and came about 20 steps from us.

Dad: we used to have lots of turkeys. Back on the mountain there must have been 50 head of them. I followed tracks up on the flat and I thought no one within a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of me. I crawled up over the bank and was picking out the biggest one to shoot. But a man came up on the other side and went "bang, bang" and away went all the turkeys. I was spited ~~me~~ ^{Turkeys} enough to choke him a little bit. ha. Another time I was up on the mt. and was calling turkeys and about 15 of them came in a row across the flat as hard as they could a calling and cutting. I banged in with the shotgun and knocked down four of them. I ran up there. One jumped 15 feet high and I could have shot it. I was so excited with it jumping. It finally jumped up and out through a hole in the trees and sailed and fell $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down in Buck's hollow. I went down there and looked the country over and couldn't find it. So I went back up and I had three nice young turkey gobblers, about all I could carry out of there. We can't do that any more because we don't have the turkeys. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Used to hear gobblers in the spring of the year. You seldom hear that now. Hunters and red and grey foxes about finished the wild turkeys. I'd like to recall back when my young days for a little while to have the sport like we used to have among the wild game--turkeys, deer, etc. Fish!, we used to have fish to galore. My goodness, you could go and catch a basket full of fish in just a little while. But we can't anymore. They stock the streams every year. But if you get the limit of 10 or 15 you've done awful well. So, back in our day we had really more enjoyable life than we do today with all our automobiles and air planes etc. We do, of course, have a few deer and most too many bear, but still that's not like plenty of turkey, fish and smaller game. Dad: another time hunting turkeys, I called up 7 big gobblers. I had a gun that I hadn't used very much. I called them up to about 20 steps of ~~me~~ me and planned to kill half of them, and the old gun wouldn't go off. I tried both barrels. They had their necks almost crossed each other--lined up. Their old beards looked about 10 inches long. By then they started "cutting" (danger signal) and saw me and flew out. When they got about a 100 yards, the gun went off as fair as could be. I felt like taking the gun around a tree, ha. I never had a better chance in my life and to think that old gun would do me that way. I broke the gun down that way (demonstrated) and brought it back up and it didn't cock, you see. It wouldn't cock half the time. They flew when they heard the gun clicking. That was the gun I got from a candy company for ordering a large shipment of hard candy. It wasn't worth a dime! That's some of your give-away stuff. ha. Well, I'm to go over the hill. I may take some corn over and feed those turkeys. If the water wasn't up so, I'd go in the car. (not clear).... Dad: life's where we expect to meet again. Like Martha Gibson, I was talking to her, I had to leave, and I said "we hope to meet again". She said: we will meet again. I'd talked to them at the market (sheep?). I hadn't seen them for 35 years. Talking about (age?) I said this world's good enough for me. I'd just like to live here always. I'd heard a man at conference a few years ago giving a testimony --a preacher. One fellow said he'd like to live always if the Lord would permit it. I like life. The fellow replied, I'm not caring much for living on, for according to what we believe and preach, why it's better for us beyond when this life's over. I said that's true too, but I just like life. He replied "I'm different. I'd like to go anytime.". He didn't live but about two months after that. He took sick and they took him to the Marlinton hospital and he passed over. His name was False. He said it was better on beyond.

Dad: my mother told me that just a few days before she died--I said to her, "mother, you're going to kill yourself tending to that cold that got it's leg broke. You'll take pneumonia and die. She said: why do